RECORDS OF THE YEAR: Benjamin Boretz

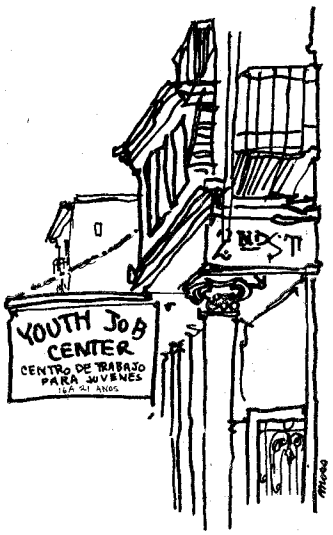
THE NATION

December 14, 1964 . . 35c

FEUDING over POVERTY

Mobilization for Youth

Herbert Krosney



The Congo
HOSTAGES & THE CIA

John Hatch

DIVORCE,
NEW YORK STYLE

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Reviews & Essays

Wages of Fashion: John Carter

'The Culture Consumers':
Harris Dienstfrey

Art Books of 1964 by Lincoln Kirstein

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LETTERS

Nazi superiority

Winnetka, Ill.

Dear Sirs: George Kirstein, reviewing Alexander Werth's *Russia at War* [*The Nation*, Nov. 30] observes: "It is hardly surprising that with this background the subsequent Russian invasion of Germany approximated in barbarity the Nazi invasion of Russia in the early days of victory."

From what point of view is this statement true, and what documentation supports it? When I was a prosecutor at the Nuremberg trials, we were familiar with this kind of statement as the "*tu quoque*" argument (i.e., "you are another"). But apart from heart-rending horror stories of ex-S.S. men and Nazi Party functionaries (or West German Government officials, many of whom were either or both), there is no assurance that Russian conduct in the invasion and occupation of East Germany even approached German standards.

The population of East Germany did not decline perceptibly due to unnatural deaths; Russia was literally decimated, since more than 20 million Russians were killed during the Nazi occupation. Where was the Russian equivalent of the Maidanek camp at which, your reviewer notes, "some 1,500,000 people were murdered and then incinerated within two years"?

Mr. Kirstein does an injustice to the memory of the Nazi Party, the German army, and their millions of patriotic supporters. It is not so easy to "approximate" that level of conduct.

Walter J. Rockler

The sugar pot

New York City

Dear Sirs: I feel compelled to point out certain errors both of fact and interpretation in the sections of Mr. Desmond Smith's article dealing with futures trading in sugar ["Sugar: The Market and the Supermarket," *The Nation*, Nov. 9].

First, "the failure of the Agriculture Dept. to regulate trading in sugar futures." The Commodity Exchange Authority of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture has several times in recent years indicated its desire to bring non-controlled exchanges, including the NYC&SE, under its jurisdiction. Congress has so far refused to extend CEA's authority in this matter.

In point of fact, CEA has thus far been unable to demonstrate . . . what its jurisdiction over presently non-controlled commodity exchanges would accomplish. A point-by-point comparison of the regulations of CEA-controlled exchanges vs. the NYC&SE reveals that the regulations and bylaws of the NYC&SE in every case equal, and in many cases exceed, CEA requirements for exchanges under its jurisdiction. . . .

Second . . . the quotation, "Excessive speculation in sugar futures . . . contributed materially to the price spiral," is a verbatim statement from the report, but unfortunately taken out of context. The context of the report makes it very clear that the statement refers to the *futures* price spiral. Students of the subject are well aware that futures prices reflect rather than determine cash prices for actual commodities. . . .

Third, implications that commodity futures trading is gambling and that the 1963 sugar market was somehow rigged pervade Mr. Smith's article. He ignores completely the number of hedgers as opposed to speculators in the market and further equates speculators with gamblers. The value of the speculator and the distinction between speculator and gambler have been dealt with so often and at such length by professional economists that any comments I might now make would be superfluous. If Mr. Smith really believes that futures trading is a "crap shoot" he is free to try that approach to the subject—but make him use his own money. . . .

Earle T. MacHardy
President, New York Coffee and Sugar Exchange, Inc.

New York City

Dear Sirs: We have just completed a cycle of flagrant speculation that largely benefited the middle men who make a living in Mr. MacHardy's Exchange, plus a handful of greedy speculators. All this was carefully analyzed in the Agriculture Department inquiry into sugar trading on the N.Y. Coffee and Sugar Exchange. Mr. MacHardy wants to know why, if my contentions are true, Congress has not acted. As he knows, a good deal of pending legislation was deferred—let's hope not for good—when President Johnson appointed the new National Commission on Food Marketing. Meanwhile the market, due to a plentiful abundance of sugar, has not attracted the speculators lately. They've been attacking the Maine potato crop, I'm sad to report.

After the recent downfall of Mr. De Angelis (soybeans) and Mr. Julio Lobo (sugar) anyone who thinks the commodity markets is anything *but* gambling is simple-minded. I didn't typify the commodity markets as a "crap shoot"—a leading New York broker used that expression. De Angelis told me himself that "every floor trader in this business trades on his account—and he's betting one way or another."

THE NATION

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The future of futures trading in this country depends in large measure on the responsibility of men like Mr. MacHardy. In the long run it is really up to the traders on the inside—the professionals—to decide whether they want to control and curb excessive speculation or be curbed themselves.

Desmond Smith

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Invitation To Depart

On December 1, President Johnson held his long-heralded conference with Ambassador-General Maxwell Taylor to discuss the future course of U.S. belligerence in South Vietnam, and whether to expand the war. Also present were Vice President-elect Hubert H. Humphrey, Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara, CIA Director John A. McCone, the Bundy brothers, and other high-level assistants, most of them, like Ambassador Taylor, playing a dual military-civilian role. For two and a half hours these top-level thinkers and doers discussed and debated; then the doors were opened and the newsmen tripped into the Cabinet room. The President apparently had intended to allow them to interview General Taylor on the spot, but Secretary McNamara, who was sitting at the President's left, was overheard to say softly: "It would be impossible for Max to talk to these people without leaving the impression the situation is going to hell."

For the recording of this revealing remark the American people are indebted to the sharp ears of Charles Mohr of *The New York Times*. On the evening of the same day, those who were watching television on N.B.C. channels were further indebted to Ted Yates, whose documentary on South Vietnam showed American policy in all its horror. It was all there—the tinsel night and sex life of Saigon, financed by American tax dollars, the troops picked up from anywhere (there is no formal conscription in the South Vietnamese army), the harrowing field hospital scenes, in which the doctors select the wounded who may perhaps be saved and leave the rest to die, the frightful village poverty, the life of the peasants, who want only to be left alone in the rice paddies.

Only one thing was omitted: neither N.B.C.'s cameras nor the directing talents of Ted Yates could suggest why we were in Vietnam. There is a reason, but it cannot be shown on film. Only the results can be shown. We are in Vietnam for purposes of power politics, and unsuccessful power politics at that. The notion that we are there at the request, or with the consent, of the people of South Vietnam is the biggest lie of this dirty war. We are visiting incredible hardship upon human beings for reasons which bear only indirectly, if at all, on their freedom—a freedom which we never allow them to define or interpret, but which we force down their throats to suit our designs in Asia.

As Mr. McNamara implied, the situation is going to hell—and that is exactly where it belongs. The end to which all our billions of dollars and thousands of Vietnamese and American lives have brought us shows that, here and there, justice prevails in international relations after all. The best thing for all concerned, at this late hour, would be still another uprising by the Vietnamese Buddhists to bring to power a government that would invite us to take our 20,000 advisers, our helicopters and napalm and machine guns and artillery out of Vietnam. What we are suffering now is a moral as well as a military defeat. Defeat is never total if, at long last, a nation does what is decent and right. That is all we can salvage, but nothing could be more important.

The Vested Interest in Poverty

New York City, splendid in the pre-Christmas season, flashing an image of boundless power and affluence, is also the capital of the urban poor in the United States. It is in fact an enormous pocket of urban poverty, as if most of indigent Appalachia were compressed and warehoused where it would take up less room. About one-fifth of New York's population — 1,400,000 souls—are in the poverty category; about 500,000 of these are on "welfare," leaving 900,000 to struggle along with little or no help. Poverty, the local health commissioner tells us, is the third most prevalent cause of death in the city, although it never appears on a death certificate.

Here, then, in terms of need, was a fine place to begin the "war on poverty," and the more so because New York has many resources which might have been tapped. This latter circumstance, and the sheer magnitude of the task, lend special significance to the two pilot operations, Mobilization for Youth (see page 455) and HARYOU (see "Defeat in Harlem," by Woody Klein, *The Nation*, July 27).

Both projects held high promise; both had high sponsorship (MFY was essentially a project of John F. and Robert Kennedy). Yet both have encountered serious difficulties and face an uncertain future.

The inherent obstacles to success were, and continue to be, compounded by selfish struggles for power. The struggle is most flagrant in the Harlem situation. For five months that project, brilliantly conceived by Dr. Kenneth Clark, was paralyzed by a determined and finally successful assault to gain control for political and patronage purposes. The perpetrator of this grab was Adam Clayton Powell, the well-known entertainer of beautiful secretaries in far-off places, where he goes for relaxation and the performance of his Congressional duties. Representative Powell has the distinction of being the only contemporary member of Congress who cannot visit his constituents except on Sunday, and then only to "preach," because, although a man of the cloth, he is a fugitive from a contempt citation. His record for tourism and absenteeism is unexcelled in the Congress, but he has a firm hold on the emotions of his constituents and he is a power in Washington. "I would rather close down HARYOU than let it become a place to breed Uncle Toms," Powell vowed—an Uncle Tom in his book being any Negro

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who does not unreservedly pledge allegiance to Adam Clayton Powell.

So Powell's man is running HARYOU, but it may turn out to be a Pyrrhic victory for the Congressman. The $110 million originally earmarked for the project is not likely to be appropriated. Some private funds will be diverted to other uses, and Sargent Shriver, Nicholas deB. Katzenbach, Willard Wirtz and other gentlemen who were not born yesterday will keep a firm hand on the project in terms of supervision and stringent auditing.

As if Powell's interference were not enough, HARYOU has shared some of the problems that beset MFY. This Lower East Side project has aroused the antagonism of "City Hall" for reasons pointed out by Mr. Krosney. (See also the editorial, "Money Isn't Everything," in the November 30 issue.) The hostility of entrenched interests has handicapped both projects, and the end is not yet. But neither project is in a hopeless condition, and it is of the greatest national importance that both should be rescued from those who would use them for political advantage. The Great Society to which President Johnson aspires will never become a reality if it cannot cope with sabotage of the kind that New York has witnessed.

A Date To Remember

The 89th Congress will convene on January 4, 1965. By long tradition, Congress does not alter its rules except at the opening of each session. Twenty years ago, on opening day, Rep. John Rankin of Mississippi, stealing a march on his somnolent colleagues, pushed through a set of Rules which embodied a provision establishing the House Committee on Un-American Activities, and on each opening day since then the life of the committee has been extended by simply readopting the Rules.

Often in the past, opponents of HUAC have permitted themselves to be out-maneuvered at this opening-day ritual. But on January 4, they will be better prepared and the outlook for abolition will be brighter than at any time since 1945. Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn, Honorary Chairman of the National Committee to Abolish the House Un-American Activities Committee, has persuaded 100 constitutional law authorities to sign a petition addressed to the House calling for abolition of HUAC. The petition is the best short statement of basic reasons why HUAC should be abolished that has appeared in the last twenty years. Among the signers are Thurman Arnold; Clark Byse, David F. Cavers, Louis L. Jaffe, Mark DeWolfe Howe (all of Harvard Law School); Thomas I. Emerson, Fred Rodell, Boris Bittker (Yale); Osmond K. Fraenkel; Fred Cohen (Texas); Thomas M. Cooley, III (Dean, University of Pittsburgh Law School); Thomas M. Franck and Norman Redlich (New York University); Ralph F. Fuchs (Indiana); Robert J. Harris (Michigan); Harry Kalven, Jr., and Quincy Wright (Chicago); Wilbur Katz and William G. Rice (Wisconsin); Arthur John Keeffe (Catholic University); Leonard W. Levy (Dean, Brandeis); Roger Paul Peters (Notre Dame University); Louis B. Schwartz and Alexander H. Frey (Pennsylvania); Carl B. Swisher (Johns Hopkins), and seventy-five other men of comparable caliber.

These signatures to the brilliant petition should force Congress to consider the issue on the merits. The petition does not propose to "reform" HUAC: it seeks to abolish it, for unassailably sound reasons that are supported by the accumulated experience of the last twenty years.

This year, also, some of the political timidity that has inhibited members of Congress in the past has been dissipated; twenty members who favor abolition were re-elected by resounding pluralities. At the same time, three members of HUAC were defeated; also defeated were some strong proponents of HUAC—Rep. Louis C. Wyman, for example, of New Hampshire, who ran a "one man" inquisition in that state before being elected to Congress. In addition, quite a number of newly elected members are known to favor abolition.

The National Committee to Abolish HUAC will set up headquarters in Washington on December 27 at the Congressional Hotel, 300 New Jersey Avenue, S.E., Washington, D.C. Area Code 202, LI. 6-6611, for the duration of the campaign. The committee needs and deserves all the support it can get: money; signatures to the petition; letters, visits and telephone calls to Congressmen. This year it will be possible to arouse the conscience of the Congress to the necessity of honoring the commitment of its members to the political values embodied in the Declaration, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. It will be possible, that is, if enough citizens decide to enlist themselves in this endeavor between now and January 4.

Lead Time to Utopia

It has become a commonplace that the time gap between a scientific discovery and its technological application has shrunk enormously. What is less obvious is that this speed-up is reflected in the realm of politics, which is traditionally thought to lag far behind technology. The society which results is not the Utopia of Sir Thomas More, but neither is it the stand-pat world of Calvin Coolidge.

Examples abound. On July 21, 1955, President Eisenhower made his famous open-skies proposal at the UN. The delegates listened politely, but utopian was the mildest term applied to the idea. It was widely regarded as a gimmick that the President himself did not take seriously, except that it served to put the Russians on the spot. The Russians ignored it; American press comment was to the effect that Soviet and American surveillance aircraft would fly unmolested over each other's territory when the lion and the lamb lay down together. Yet, nine years later, the flights are going on, not in each nation's air space, but in the airless space above. To be sure, photo planes, manned and unmanned, are widely used to survey nuclear goings-on in Red China and elsewhere, but the chosen instrument of up-to-date surveillance is the orbiting satellite

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—on the American side Discoverer, Midas, Samos, Nimbus and probably others even less in the public domain. According to one reporter, with the latest cameras and electronic magnifying techniques, Samos can read a newspaper from orbital altitude. This is stretching it a bit, but the fact is that the Soviets view everything of military interest in the United States (except that their satellites are inclined too much from a polar orbit to cover Alaska), and we make certain that they keep no secrets from us. No one objects. The open-skies proposal is in operation—not acknowledged, not formalized, just a fact of life in the complex new world.

An instance of a different sort began with the publication in the May 11, 1963, special issue of *The Nation* of Robert Theobald's treatise on abundance, which later appeared as a book, *Free Men and Free Markets*. Theobald's proposal for a guaranteed annual income, to break the nexus between work and income in an increasingly workless age, was and is still dismissed as utopian. Nevertheless, according to a Washington report, one of the task forces charged with blueprinting President Johnson's program for the Great Society has come up with a plan for a cash subsidy for low-income Americans. Not only does their scanty income exempt them from tax liability, but they would receive a cash grant according to the amount by which they fall short of the total of their exemptions. There is no assurance that the proposal will be adopted this year or next, but the fact that it gets into the news at all is significant. It is a first timid, tentative step in the direction of a guaranteed annual income for all Americans, regardless of work status.

The idea seems to appeal to some farmers, a group traditionally convinced that what was good enough for their fathers is good enough for them, and should be good enough for their children. Subsidies for farmers are of course very respectable, but the $4 billion that is pumped out annually goes mostly to the farmers and farming corporations whose income already averages $9,500 a year. James G. Patton, president of the National Farmers Union, wants the not-so-prosperous farmer to receive a guaranteed income of $5,000 a year. The proposal will be dismissed as utopian, of course, but with utopias coming along so fast we may see it before we believe it.

A Fitting Memorial

Estes Kefauver is remembered, and with good reason, for his attacks on the practices of the drug companies, but the fact is that through his Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, beginning in 1957 until his death in 1963, Kefauver was the principal crusader against administered prices in all fields, not only in drugs. The only break he ever got from the press was when he was trying to promote drug safety and the thalidomide scandal happened to hit the headlines at the right moment. Babies are news, deformed babies are shocking news, and Kefauver and his assistants had a brief taste of acclaim. Perhaps eventually the reports on monopoly practices in steel, autos, baking and electrical machinery, as well as drugs, will receive the recognition they deserve, but it is not likely until the happy days of the boom economy pass away and nostrums fail to bring them back.

Still, if good works are for a time forgotten, there is something in the American character that will not allow the man himself to fall into oblivion. When Kefauver died, *The Nation* said editorially that the American people had lost the best friend they had had in Congress since George W. Norris failed of re-election to the Senate in 1942. Norris has the TVA for his monument; the Estes Kefauver Memorial Foundation has been formed to remind future generations of Americans of Kefauver's services to America and all humanity. Among the incorporators and contributors are names one would expect to see: George Meany, Edmund Orgill, George Dempster, Gordon Browning, Walter Reuther, Roy Wilkins, Whitney Young. There is also a good representation from the enlightened rich —W. L. Clayton and Edward Lamb being cases in point. It is heart-warming to note what a wide range of people admired Kefauver.

The purpose of the Kefauver Foundation is to "encourage leadership based upon the principles portrayed in his life in which neither sectionalism nor prejudice nor special interests was ever allowed to interfere with the common good." Kefauver himself, with a minimum of publicity, gave a great deal of aid to education while he lived, and among the projects of the foundation are an Estes Kefauver Memorial Library at the University of Tennessee, an annual lecture series on unity among the self-governing peoples of the world, and a scholarship fund. Kefauver's friends would like him to be remembered at the University of Tennessee as Thomas Jefferson is remembered at the University of Virginia. Kefauver's correspondence, like Jefferson's, was voluminous, and it should be kept in one place for the inspiration of the young and scholarly.

A project like this should not be left only to the wealthy and prominent. A total of $775,000 is needed. Contributions are tax-deductible and may be made to: Estes Kefauver Memorial Foundation, Administration Building, University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.

The $35,000 Misunderstanding

The ineptness with which the Democratic majority on the Senate Rules Committee is conducting the current phase of the Bobby Baker investigation is so palpable as to suggest that it is calculated. Fruitful lines of inquiry are opened up, only to be abruptly dropped. Endless squabbling between Republicans and Democrats on the committee diverts attention from significant testimony. At times the chairman seems to be more interested in "sandbagging" Senator Williams—the phrase is Senator Curtis'—than in getting at the facts.

The bias of the majority is shown in the way the inquiry was conveniently adjourned so that certain dam-

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aging admissions would not be put on the record until after the election. Matthew H. McCloskey's post-election testimony about the $35,000 "overpayment" or "goof" strikingly confirms what Don B. Reynolds had previously told the committee. When a man of Mr. McCloskey's legendary shrewdness makes a $35,000 "goof" it is cause for wonder and amazement. Similarly, the post-election testimony of William M. McLeod, Jr., former clerk of the House of Representatives, to the effect that he had received $1,500 "as a gift" from Mr. Reynolds, after the Reynolds firm had been chosen by McCloskey as broker to handle the insurance on the stadium contract, tends to confirm Reynolds' story.

Even if these post-election admissions were energetically pursued and the inferences confirmed, the committee would merely have succeeded in proving what everyone more or less assumes, namely, that Bobby Baker raised lots of money, by all sorts of stratagems. The point of interest is, for whom did Baker raise money and in what amounts? What Senators had business dealings with him? It should be fairly easy to get the facts—not from Baker, who is not talking—but from the Senators whose names have been mentioned in connection with Baker's activities, starting with Senator Smathers.

But there is another and more important aspect to the inquiry. From the outset there have been significant overtones to the testimony about payoffs on defense contracts. The Quorum Club, in which Baker was active, was heavily larded with representatives of defense contractors. Admittedly, Baker had close ties with North American Aviation's public relations representative, since indicted for income-tax evasion. References to vending-machine concessions in defense plants keep recurring in the testimony. All this suggests that the Baker inquiry, if it were vigorously pursued, could lift the curtain on a neglected aspect of the cold-war military budget. For years now, the government has been spending $50 billion a year on defense. Are we asked to believe, knowing what we do about government contracts generally, that these immense sums were disbursed without a great deal of money being spent to win friends and influence bureaucrats? The Washington *Star* reports that the committee, in secret session, has heard testimony that a payment of $100,000 resulted from the award of a controversial aircraft contract, the money being earmarked for the use of a very high official. If the Democratic majority attempts to seal off the inquiry with such rumors circulating in Washington, it could well have cause to regret its action. There are some scandals that become more explosive the longer they are suppressed.

THE CONGO

Hostages, Mercenaries and the CIA . . John Hatch

The United States and Belgium acted within international law and in accordance with international practice when carrying out their rescue operation in the Congo. The Stanleyville group's policy of holding civilian hostages in order to advance its military fortunes is entirely contrary to international morality. When it became clear that negotiation was impossible, both governments took the only course compatible with their responsibility for the safety of their nationals. The fact that the hostages were white while their captors were black is irrelevant—and it is unfortunate that this aspect has been emphasized in many reports. Presumably African governments would try to intervene in a like manner if their citizens were similarly threatened by the South African Government.

Yet this is no more than legal and moral justification for action taken after the crisis had arisen. It neither explains nor justifies American and Belgian involvement in creating a situation where more than 1,000 non-Congolese lives were endangered. It is true that as long ago as early August the rebels refused U Thant's appeal for safe conduct of non-Congolese out of rebel-held territory. This, together with the apparent inability of rebel leaders to enforce discipline, and their overt attempt to use the hostages as a bargaining factor, does little to support African claims that the foreigners would have been safe if the paratroopers had not invaded.

But what happened between August and November to arouse the rebel hatred of America and Belgium to the pitch where their nationals were indiscriminately assaulted and eventually murdered? It should be remembered that the United States attained considerable prestige in the Congo outside Katanga during the period when United Nations forces were successfully preventing Moise Tshombe from separating his province from the central government.

The fact is that over the past six months the United States, like every other non-African government before it—including the Communists—has shown a complete lack of understanding of the African mind. For the past two years the CIA had been pouring money out to sustain Cyrille Adoula as its protégé Prime Minister. Yet Adoula, despite American and UN aid, had proved himself entirely incapable of building either an administrative or a military organization capable of holding the country together. Thus when Tshombe returned to Leopoldville last June, just as the last UN forces were leaving, the authority of the central government had almost disappeared. Several armed revolts

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John Hatch, now lecturing at Texas Southern University, is commonwealth correspondent for the New Statesman. *He is the author of several books on Africa, among them,* Africa Today—and Tomorrow *(Praeger) and* A History of Postwar Africa, *to be published by Praeger in May.*

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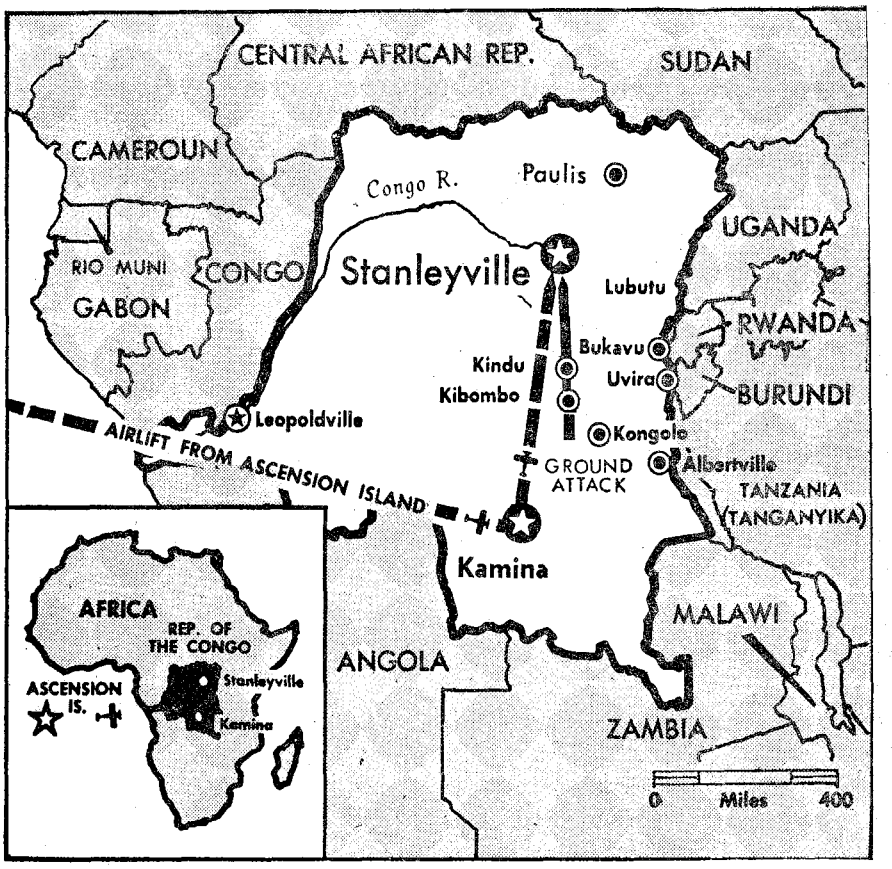
were already in progress, General Mobutu's army drew its pay but showed no inclination to fight, and it seemed likely that in a matter of weeks one or other of the rebel forces would occupy Leopoldville itself. Moreover, none of the rebel groups appeared to have any greater powers of discipline than the central government. Anarchy was blazing across the whole country.

It was not therefore surprising that within a few days of his return Tshombe was able to persuade the Binza group, which controlled the army and gendarmerie, and which had been his bitter enemies in his Katanga days, that he offered a less impossible prospect of order than the broken reed, Adoula. Yet when he became Prime Minister on July 9, Americans in the Congo were taken completely by surprise. They awoke to discover that all the presents and equipment which they had lavished on Adoula, together with all his files, had been removed overnight from the premier's house, and Tshombe had moved in. President Kasavubu had accepted him as interim prime minister until the new constitution should come into effect in 1965 and new elections be held.



National Observer

Given a little foresight, the Americans and Belgians might have recognized this moment as their last opportunity to evacuate their civilians from danger. Rebel forces were now operating in North Katanga, Kivu, Haut Congo, Kasai and Kwilu. The Comité National de Libération (CNL), based across the river from Leopoldville in Brazzaville and in the eastern neighbor Burundi, was advised by the Chinese Communists and had established military training camps. It was often rent by division, with Christophe Gbenye, Gaston Soumialot, Pierre Mulele, Nicolas Olenga and Bocheley Davidson all taking independent action. But this lack of unified direction could lead only to greater danger to foreigners as the mixture of tribalism, Lumumbaism, revenge, greed, drugs and hysteria led undisciplined armed mobs into wanton destruction. When hatred of Tshombe was added to this explosive mixture, the danger to foreigners was bound to become acute. There was not an hour to delay.

But divided counsels appear to have confused American policy at this critical moment. While G. Mennen Williams, Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, was urging an African solution and offering dollars to pay for the maintenance of African troops to aid the Tshombe government, the U.S. Government, presumably under CIA pressure, committed itself to paramilitary aid. It thereby placed itself squarely in the Tshombe camp, accepting the odium inevitably entailed, but still leaving the rescue of foreigners in the country in the hands of Tshombe's national army. Thus the United States secured the worst of both alternatives: it provoked political hostility without gaining security for its own citizens.

A clear understanding of Tshombe's position could have led to a more enlightened American policy. Tshombe had aroused the ire of all Africa by his attempt to separate Katanga from the Congo in defiance of the United Nations. He was widely suspected of murdering Lumumba, the first constitutional Congolese prime minister. He was believed to be the puppet of Belgian financial and industrial interests and during his exile in Madrid he lived on money taken from Katanga, together with subventions from Belgian businessmen. Moreover, Tshombe's visits from Katanga to Sir Roy Welensky, then Prime Minister of the African-hated Central African Federation, gave him the reputation of being the white supremacists' stooge.

Tshombe was therefore obviously unacceptable to the leadership of the African continent and bound to provoke still greater antagonisms within the Congo itself. This was soon evident when the Cairo conference of the Organization of African Unity, attended by all other African heads of state, refused to admit him.

Yet Tshombe is also an astute politician. He is the complete opportunist, ready to accept any allies if they can further his ambitions. Before returning to Leopoldville he had not only negotiated with the CNL of Brazzaville, but had alerted his old Katanga gendarmes, who were being trained in Angola, and activated machinery for recruiting white mercenaries in Southern Rhodesia and South Africa. So Tshombe took three alternative policies back to the Congo with him. First, he hoped to secure power by negotiation; but although one CNL member joined his government, while he released Antoine Gizenga, Lumumba's heir, from captivity, nego-

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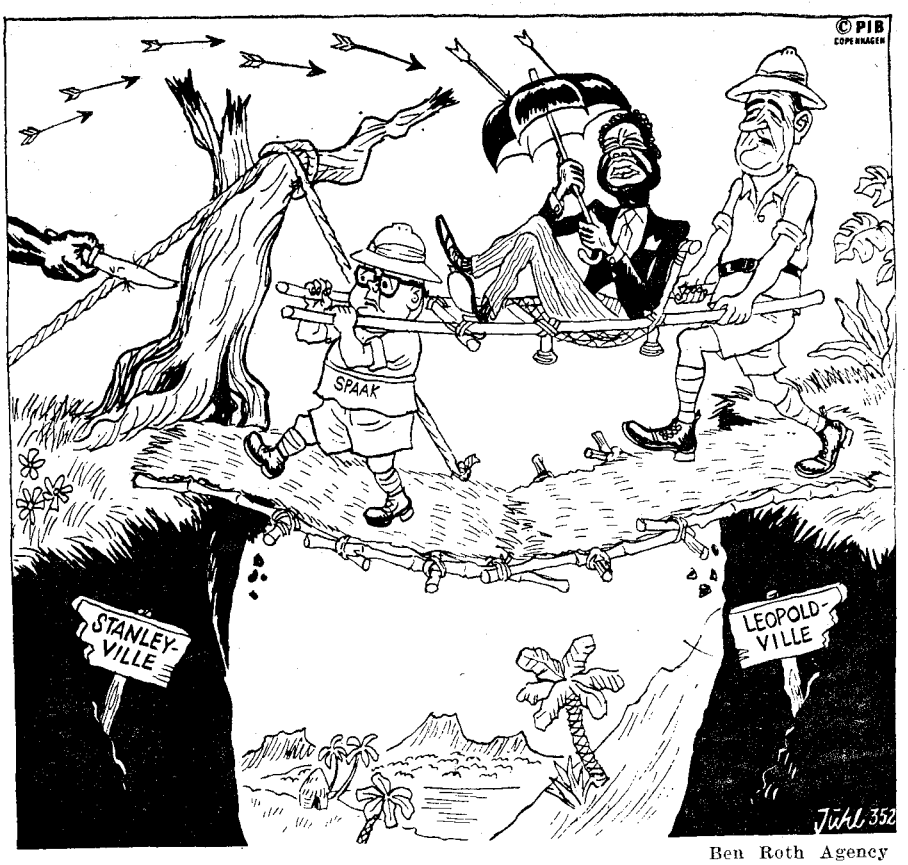
tiations never got off the ground. Then he appealed to Malagasy, Liberia, Nigeria, Ethiopia and Senegal for troops to help his national army. None of these countries were hostile—and Malagasy's President Tsiranana is a friend—but none would move without the approval of the OAU. So Tshombe cashed his main insurance policy and appealed to the United States and Belgium for military aid. The Belgians were frightened of the danger to their civilians if they became openly involved and, despite W. Averell Harriman's pressure, would not allow their Congo training officers to become combatants. America sent C130 transport planes, T28 fighter-bombers, helicopters and old B26 bombers—with Cuban exiles on CIA contracts flying them. And Tshombe recalled his Katanga gendarmes, together with white mercenaries recruited in the south.

It should be recognized that Tshombe is constitutional head of the Congolese Government. He was appointed by President Kasavubu under the constitution. He therefore has a perfect right to ask for military assistance for his government, as does any national leader who finds his state threatened. So the issue arising from supporting Tshombe is political, not constitutional. It is none the less serious for that. As long as UN forces were present to support Adoula, the covert CIA help to him hardly offended African opinion. The open support given by the United States to Tshombe was a totally different matter. It made it appear that he was being used by America and Belgium to safeguard foreign investments in contemptuous defiance of the wishes demonstrated by African heads of state in the OAU. By any African standard this was deliberate "neo-colonialism"; by some it was an open attempt to re-establish naked imperialism from a Congo base. Inside the Congo it inflamed anti-American passions to hysteria; outside, it destroyed the good will created by American support for the UN mission and provided propaganda for those convinced that American aims in Africa are financial and imperialistic.

One might argue that if America had not given para-military aid the whole Congo might have been overrun by Chinese-supported rebels. Certainly the special meeting of the OAU foreign ministers in Addis Ababa during September showed itself unable to cope with the problems of reconciliation—but this was held after America had committed itself to Tshombe. It is possible that Pan Africanists would have allowed the rebels to take control of the country. Yet the Chinese have always remained discreetly behind the scenes. No African leader believes that the rebellions are promoted by the Chinese or that rebel leaders are or would be controlled by them. The help given by Chinese missions, by the New China News Agency and, particularly, by Peking's Counselor in Brazzaville, Colonel Kan Mai, is considered in Africa as a legitimate balance to that given by the CIA—and given to a worthier cause. But it has never consisted of military planes.

Above all, it is essential to realize the southern-central African context in which this struggle is taking place. Africa north of the Zambezi is entirely united in its determination to extirpate the last vestiges of colonialism and white domination from the continent. These are to be seen in Southern Rhodesia, in Portuguese Angola, Mozambique and Guinea, and in South Africa. The Southern Rhodesian whites, led by Prime Minister Ian Smith, are defying the British Government and trying to fix their supremacy permanently on a country where they are outnumbered by Africans in a ratio of twenty to one. On his last visit to London, Mr. Smith paid a call on Dr. Salazar in Lisbon. He has also been to see Dr. Verwoerd in South Africa. Meanwhile, the South Africans and Portuguese have had their own military discussions. Now Southern Rhodesian and South African whites are fighting for Tshombe as contract soldiers. It is they who have brought some little discipline into the Congo national army and it was they who led the attack on Stanleyville. Without them the army would be no more effective under Tshombe than it was under Adoula.

It thus needs little imagination to envisage Tshombe as the stooge of a white supremacist plot to turn back the wave of African nationalism which, with Zambia's independence, has now reached the Zambezi. He is constitutional Prime Minister of the Congo, but supported by South Africans, Southern Rhodesians, Belgians and Americans—and by very few Africans. His accession to power provided the rebels,



Ben Roth Agency

The Chasm

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despite their divisions, lack of discipline and brutalities, with new African sympathy—which has inevitably rubbed off in a minor way on their Chinese supporters; while those who support him are just as inevitably tarred with white supremacy. It is now widely believed in Africa that American and Belgian business interests have decided that their investments in copper, gold, industry, commerce and finance are the first priority and can best be safeguarded by supporting the apartheid leaders in South Africa and Southern Rhodesia and those Africans, like Tshombe, who will work with them. To Africans this is the counterrevolution against democratic nationalism; those who support it are their enemies; those who oppose it, their friends.

Of course, there is a great deal of "double-think" in this position. The OAU itself failed its responsibility when it excluded Tshombe, a legitimate Congo leader, from the Cairo conference. The dangerously explosive situation was thus neglected by African leaders just at the crucial stage when UN forces had left and any hope of national unity depended on mediation between the central government and the rebels. For nearly three vital months the situation was allowed to fester without African initiative. Then again, the Addis Ababa meeting of foreign ministers, held specifically on the Congo situation, entirely failed to offer a practical solution. If Tshombe was to be coerced into dismissing his mercenaries and discarding American military aid, he had to be provided with troops from other African countries; and genuine mediation on the spot was essential to prevent further anarchy. When all these blunders and omissions had been committed, it was hypocrisy to condemn Americans or Belgians for seeking to rescue their nationals from the peril in which the various governments had placed them. The rebel terms for their safety—intervention to halt the advance of Tshombe's army—proves that these hostages were being used as pawns in the military struggle. This is surely unacceptable to anyone who retains respect for humanity, even in warfare.

Yet, despite all the emotional reactions of the Africans, the fact remains that America and Belgium have actively intervened in this African struggle. In doing so the Americans, at least, appear to have been provoked by fear of China—and have reacted just as the Chinese would wish. Instead of hearing warnings against Communist imperialism recently voiced by such leaders as Julius Nyerere and Tom Mboya, Africa will now be filled with denunciations of American "neo-colonialism." And the reverberations will significantly affect this next session of the United Nations when the issues of Southern Rhodesia, Portuguese colonialism and South West Africa appear on the agenda.

What can now be done to prevent the Congo's developing into a major field of international tension? For the sake of the Congolese themselves, for the safety of those foreigners remaining in the country and for the political influence of the West, it is essential to recognize the Congo as predominantly an African problem. This does not mean that it can or should be ignored, but its solution has always depended on African mediation. Military intervention can only postpone and further complicate such a solution. There is no reason to suppose that Tshombe's army has won a final victory; rather it seems probable that fighting will continue or break out afresh until a political settlement is made and an administration built upon it. Next year elections are due. The new constitution provides for a strong executive president, and already the shadow of conflict between Tshombe and Kasavubu is creeping over the political scene. Local vendettas, together with an absence of administration, foretell continued anarchy.

The only policy capable of matching Western interests with African realities is to place the resources of the West squarely behind the African leaders in the Organization of African Unity. American policy over the past six months has damaged this prospect. Emotional reactions against Tshombe on the part of African leaders have prejudiced their chances of meeting this major challenge to African responsibility. Yet the heart of the issue remains where it has always been. Africans alone can unite the Congolese and the West alone has the resources to enable them to do so. The sooner a bridge can be rebuilt between the West and African leaders, the lower will be the price the world will have to pay for the Congo tragedy. That price could go as high as an international war throughout southern Africa.

Mobilization For Youth

Feuding Over Poverty . . . . . Herbert Krosney

"Poverty's where the money is this year," remarked one observer last summer in Washington when the anti-poverty bill was passed. Within weeks, the New York *Daily News* began a crusade against Mobilization for Youth, then halfway through its second year on Manhattan's Lower East Side. MFY is thus a pilot experiment in combating poverty; its fate may well influence the orientation of the national War on Poverty, so crucial to President Johnson's vision of the Great Society.

The *News* charged that Mobilization was Red-infested, had fomented racial dissatisfaction and riots, was inefficiently run and ridden by scandal. The paper soon dropped some of its charges, but the attack, coming at the start of a national election campaign in which one party was deeply committed to anti-poverty legislation, held more than routine "corruption" interest. The Republican Vice Presidential candidate, William E. Miller, proclaimed that the matter was "very much a campaign issue."

The MFY board of directors hired

Herbert Krosney writes and produces for public affairs television. The material in this article will appear as a chapter in his forthcoming book, Hard Times, Good Times *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston).*

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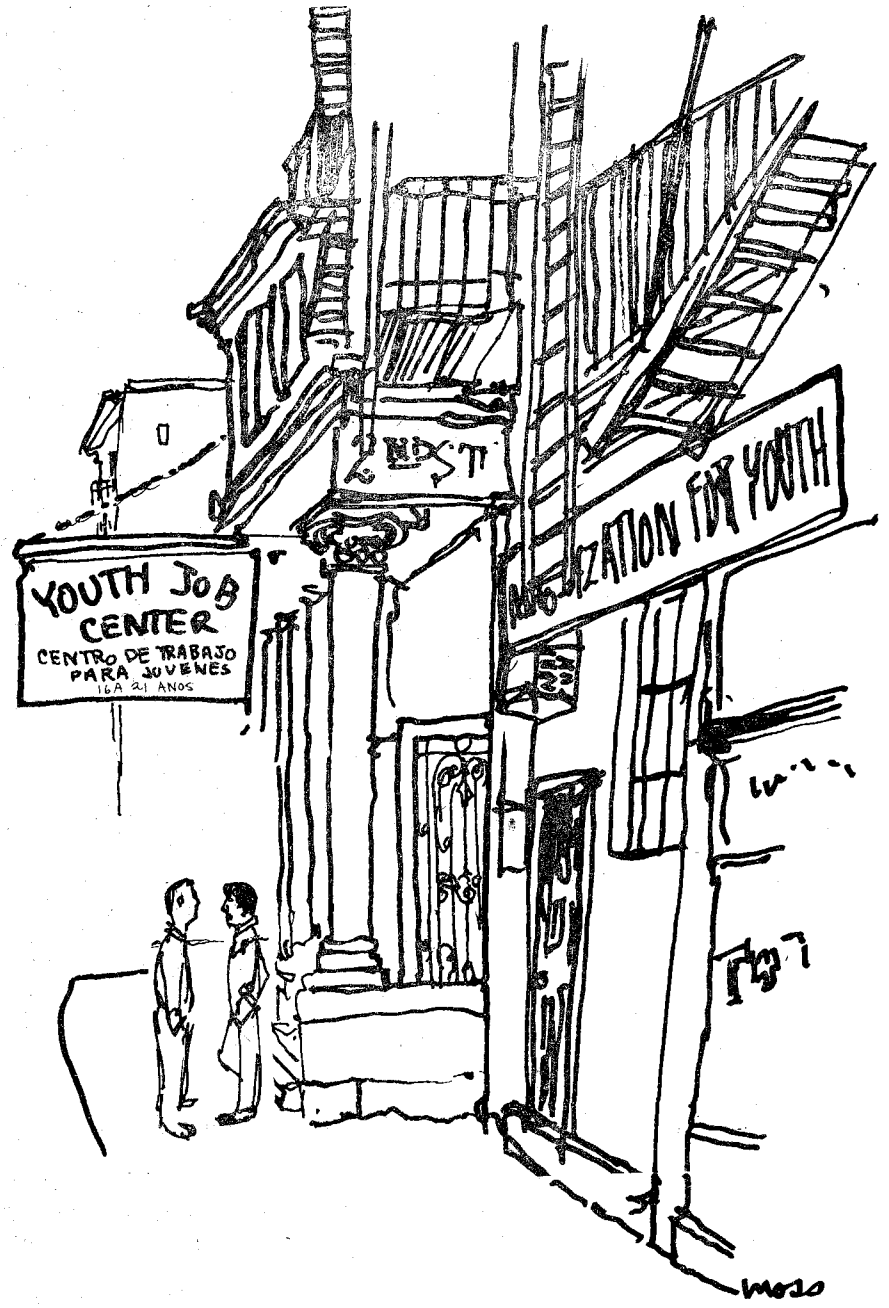

a lawyer-investigator to search into the accusations of corruption and disloyalty, and was able to defend its personnel and the uses made of its $14 million welfare grants (58 per cent from the federal government, 28 per cent from the city, 14 per cent from the Ford Foundation). Beneath the surface of the sensational news stories, however, lay the strategy of politics in this age of big-money welfare. In this complex of conflicting interests, Mobilization had offended institutions with access to New York's City Hall; had lost political friends and made no new ones; had allowed itself to be overshadowed by the larger stakes of national anti-poverty legislation.

Mobilization for Youth has been, in a sense, controversial from its inception. Its programs depart from the traditional approaches to social welfare. The "Young Turks" of the social welfare field who are responsible for it have sparked a growing movement away from rehabilitative programs like Aid for Dependent Children and outright relief which, they believe, only stratify and infix poverty. As Richard Cloward, co-author of *Delinquency and Opportunity*, and one of MFY's three directors, has pointed out, Mobilization programs attempt to uproot poverty by engaging the total local community in self-help. A Mobilization pamphlet reads:

Mobilization's approach to the problems of delinquency and poverty stresses the importance of barriers to opportunity: opportunity to break out of the poverty cycle by becoming employable; opportunity to become employable through education; opportunity to become educable through services that enhance morale and motivation.

The key words in the statement are "educable" and "employable." In this context, educable means the introduction of social programs that involve the community in self-education. Thus, residents in the community, instead of relying on professional social workers, teach one another. High school students tutor younger children and are paid for doing so. In the Lower East Side community which MFY serves, 3,000 pupils who were reading below grade have been reached by remedial programs; some 2,500 additional children in pre-school and kindergarten have been helped in ways designed to prevent their becoming retarded in the future.

Employability means preparing young people to be flexible in the fast-changing job market of automation. It means training, not so much with the aim of acquiring a given skill, as in attaining the confidence necessary to get a job and to hold it.

Mobilization's approaches to education and work training, which account for more than 50 per cent of its budget, are thus controversial, but mainly in the social welfare field itself. Laymen accept them almost without question, as is evidenced by the fact that Title 1B of the new federal anti-poverty bill is modeled on MFY's work programs.

However, there is more to Mobilization than education and work. Crucial to enhancing "morale and motivation" in a depressed area is the community action program, supplemented by the work of the legal services unit. These two Mobilization divisions account for only 8 per cent of the total budget, but they have been instrumental in arousing a hostility that compromises every penny MFY has, and could conceivably compromise every penny of the millions earmarked for the anti-poverty programs now budding throughout the country.

In Mobilization's original proposal, community action was barely mentioned. However, as they began to work and to sense what could be done in a community, many (not

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all) in Mobilization came to feel that community action was the heart of the program. Through it, Mobilization workers counsel and advise on issues that concern the area, while the agency as such takes no official position. The community action workers, for instance, consulted with groups wishing to join the "March on Washington" in 1963. By such means, they attempt to stimulate community awareness and to activate people in resentment against their condition. This part of MFY's program is designed to achieve a revolution in expectations.

A revolution, if it is real, is always dangerous to someone. The MFY revolution threatened established community patterns on the Lower East Side and, paradoxically, financed the threat with public money that often represented the very institutions it proposed to upset. It trod on toes which could kick back and which did kick back at a time when poverty programs had become a hot political issue, and MFY found itself politically isolated.

The process of estrangement could hardly have been more systematic if someone had planned it. Mobilization's first real difficulties came in January, 1964, just before the first civil rights school boycott. The community action group had advised Puerto Rican mothers in the area who wanted to protest over the lack of school textbooks. Twenty-six public school principals in the area —people who appreciated the remedial reading and pre-grade-school instruction Mobilization was offering in its educational programs— protested vigorously. Their telegram to Mayor Wagner, with a copy to President Johnson, read:

We the school principals of districts 1, 2, 3, 4 Manhattan hereby demand an investigation of Mobilization for Youth and ask for the removal of Mr. George Brager, its director of action programs whose activities with parent education and community organization workers has resulted in these workers becoming full-time paid agitators and organizers for extremist groups. This constitutes an abuse of the noble purpose for which great sums of federal and municipal money were originally appropriated. This movement has been subverted from its original plan to war against delinquency into a war against individual schools and their leaders, to what purpose we cannot at the present time divine. These groups have attacked principals and the schools in an irrational and irresponsible manner. They have created a situation which is demoralizing and undermining the sincere and dedicated efforts of our professional leaders who voluntarily render their services in this difficult but challenging area of the city. While they have on the one hand met with us principals and superintendents to resolve the various difficulties that have arisen as a result of these parent and community group activities, they have on the other hand continued and broadened their untruthful attack on our work. We can and will document all of our charges.

The principals were not supported by their own school boards, which immediately repudiated them in a telegram that read in part:

It is our impression that the Mobilization for Youth program has been of inestimable value to our Lower East Side community. This program includes many areas outside the realm of education whose effectiveness no one has questioned, as well as many useful experiments in the field of education which have already been adopted by other school districts in the city.

We believe that some of the activities of parent groups which have been questioned in the above mentioned telegram as "extremist," work of "agitators," may be the normal response of concerned minority group people who simply seek a better education for their children.

We are on record as encouraging full participation by the parents of all children in the educational processes.

One of Mobilization's directors James E. McCarthy, called the mothers' protest ". . . a healthy sign of an awakening community." And Alex Rosen, dean of the N.Y.U. School of Social Work, commented later: "If these mothers want to talk back to a principal, they have every right to do so. The agency's goal is to involve them in the democratic processes."

When the civil rights boycott came on February 3, Mobilization took no official position. However, staff workers gave skillful advice to any groups that wanted to participate, with the result that MFY's area had one of the highest percentages of effective boycott in the entire city—more than 80 per cent —and about the same as Harlem's.

Again, the school principals were understandably annoyed. At a time when MFY should perhaps have been consolidating its position, it was alienating these well-intentioned and basically sympathetic people who, for at least a while, could have been Mobilization's strong friends.

MFY's experience with the police was similar. In many minority communities today the cop is counted among the worst enemies. Cries of police brutality have become all too familiar in this age of increased civil rights consciousness: the charge is often a device of political maneuver, but the people stereotype the police as sadists, and the police respond with hostility and contempt.

The legal services unit of MFY decided to try to protect the rights of residents of the Mobilization area. They attempted to inform as many as possible that they had legal rights, and that a phone call to MFY

at any hour of the day or night would bring them the services of a lawyer.

Granted that the indigent receive the worst legal counsel in American society; granted also that providing legal help for the poor is an excellent idea (Mobilization is acting in many areas as *plaintiffs* for the poor; the Legal Aid Society acts only to defend its clients); still, there was an implication of mistrust of the police—either that they are brutal or that they refuse legitimate requests for legal help.

A Mobilization lawyer can speak lightly of the police indignation: "Their reaction seemed far beyond any that rational grounds would permit." It might be an excellent idea for lawyers to be on hand in police stations throughout the country, and it is certain that in the Mobilization area most of the defendants know of no lawyer to call. But Mobilization made no attempt to explain to police, or to City Hall, what it was doing. It was again in-

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truding directly on an agency which —as a public service—might have been more responsive to MFY's aims through influence from a higher level.

Mobilization took on a third fight when it began to advise tenants of their rights against landlords. In slum areas where housing is inadequate and often deteriorated or dilapidated, where, as on the Lower East Side, occupancy is at the level of 99 per cent, the landlord has alarming power over the lives of his tenants. The tenants must have a recourse, and they do; yet, as often as not, they are sadly ignorant of their basic rights.

Mobilization lawyers and community action workers helped tenants take the offensive in their grievances. Often, according to a Mobilization lawyer, the very appearance of a lawyer would cause the landlord to put in repairs. Obviously, real estate interests in the area began to be disturbed by MFY pressure. The resentment was compounded when Mobilization began to tell clients about Section 755 of the Real Property Actions and Proceedings Law. This section is the famous rent-strike provision. A tenant living in a building whose landlord has not put in the required minimal services can refuse to pay rent. The landlord must then take the tenant to court, and while the case is pending the tenant pays his rent to a special court fund.

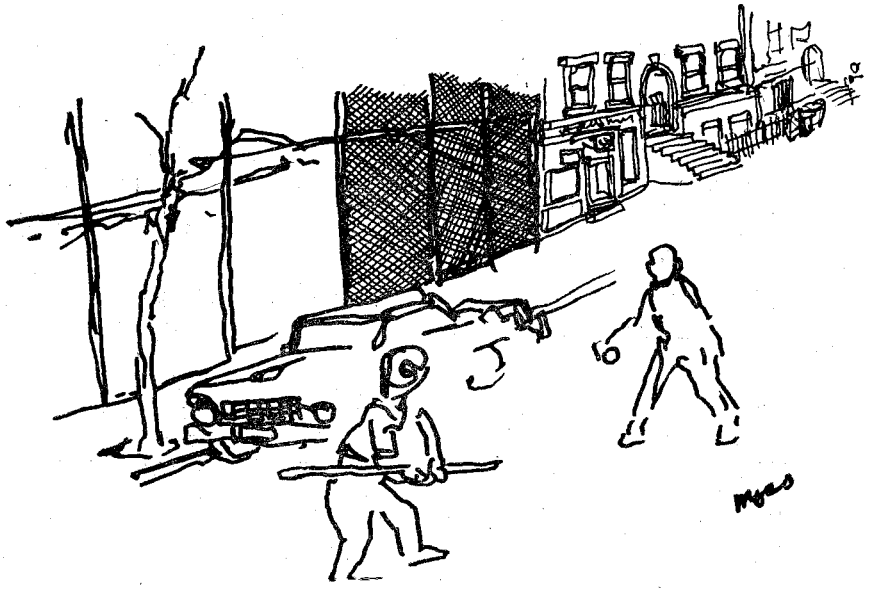
Section 755 became the basis of many of the *Daily News* charges. The paper tried to associate Jesse Gray, leader of the Harlem rent strike, with MFY, but it has never been proved that he had anything to do with Mobilization. Unfortunately, in the housing area, Mobilization gave counsel to and worked with downtown CORE. This group later dumped dead rats on Mayor Wagner's doorstep, a gesture which, however vivid, was not calculated to gain the Mayor's sympathy. Mobilization actions on the housing front were justified by the situation, but they did nothing to win influential support in the neighborhood.

The fourth area of Mobilization militancy was public welfare itself, where its workers again caused resentment because the very act of defending welfare recipients implied a criticism of the dispensing organizations. At issue, in particular, was the Welfare Abuses Law, passed shortly after the Newburgh controversy, which withholds aid from those who come to New York for the specific purpose of getting on relief. [See "Welfare à la Newburgh" by William B. Rollins and Bernard Lefkowitz, *The Nation*, Sept. 16, 1961, p. 157.] Mobilization's legal services director, Edward Sparer, held that the law was misapplied. The key case, taken up by the State Fair Hearing Board, concerned a Puerto Rican common-law wife who came to New York with her six children in search of her husband. She was denied welfare on the grounds that she had arrived without visible means of support and with the thought that she could get welfare. Mobilization won the case, and this constituted a significant reversal in the interpretation of the Welfare Abuses Law.

New York State's Moreland Commission on Public Welfare recently completed a study on the first ten months of the Welfare Abuses Law. Some 2,737 persons were rejected for welfare on the basis of motive; only 387 were given emergency aid —and that on the condition that they go back where they came from. Sparer feels that "2,730 of the 2,737 cases could have been reversed if the clients had had adequate legal aid." Mobilization has won every case it has brought to the attention of the proper authorities.

Finally, there is the Catholic Church. About 67 per cent of Mobilization's youth clientele is Puerto Rican; close to 30 per cent is Negro, and the remainder is white. It is safe to say that at least three-quarters of these young people are Catholic. Naturally, the Church has a strong interest in what Mobilization does with them. Little can be documented, but there are rumors that the Catholic Church sent a letter to City Hall several years ago opposing the formation of Mobilization. Though nothing has been said publicly, the feeling persists that the Church, by nature a conservative body, has not quite liked the odor of social militancy that flows from the doors of Mobilization headquarters on East 2nd Street.

In sum, throughout the first year and three-quarters of its operation, Mobilization engaged in a multi-pronged thrust on poverty and delinquency on the Lower East Side, and in so doing managed in one way or another to alienate many of the institutions with which it rubbed elbows.



Meanwhile, as Mobilization was becoming something of a pariah in its own neighborhood, it was growing politically isolated at various levels of government and for a variety of reasons, not all of which were subject to MFY's control. The most stunning blow was the death of John Fitzgerald Kennedy. The late President had taken a special interest in the project, and Robert F. Kennedy, while attorney general, had been vigorous on its behalf and had twice visited its Lower East Side home. David Hackett, the former attorney general's special assistant and executive director of the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency, had been a particular friend of Mobilization. Funds earmarked for Mobilization were channeled through the committee, and the executive director was dedi-

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cated to the organization's program.

The new President made poverty a major issue, but he was not committed emotionally to Mobilization as Kennedy had been. Though Johnson called it one of the most promising anti-poverty projects, it did not bear his stamp at a time when he desperately wanted to accomplish something for himself. He was committed to his own anti-poverty bill which, in funds and scope, dwarfed Mobilization's paltry $14 million, and he wanted to get the total program started. At the White House, interest was shifting from Mobilization specifically to poverty in general.

A similar process was taking place at the city level. The chief liaison for Mobilization at City Hall was the Office of City Administration, headed by Deputy Mayor Charles H. Tenney. Director McCarthy was supposed to be the MFY man with the political connections, and Tenney was his friend. But early in 1964, Tenney was appointed to a federal judgeship, and after his departure, the Office of City Administration declined in influence. Power gradually accumulated in the hands of City Council President Paul Screvane and the Mayor's special assistant, Julius C. C. Edelstein, and this was eventually formalized by the formation of the Antipoverty Operations Board, headed by Screvane with Edelstein as executive secretary. Neither of these men was—or has since become — a particular friend of Mobilization. And McCarthy did not look around for other friends in the city administration.

Slowly, Mobilization's directors realized what was happening to their political support. In the late spring of 1964, McCarthy, Cloward, Brager and others high in MFY informally discussed what could be done. They realized that strong political allies were essential and decided to turn to the civil rights groups for support. These groups are a formidable source of political power in New York or any other Northern city. Cloward commented recently: "We knew, and felt, that we should turn to the civil rights organizations. But, you know, summer was coming, and although we understood our situation, we didn't feel it was an urgent situation. Bluntly, we didn't do anything."

Two further events complicated the picture. Robert F. Kennedy, having decided to run in New York for the United States Senate, was about to resign his Cabinet post and take with him to New York his most important aide and MFY's best friend in Washington, David Hackett. Secondly, while Mobilization as a total organization was losing stature in Washington, its work programs were still admired by the Department of Labor's Office of Manpower, Automation, and Training. Last July, after much negotiation, Mobilization received a grant of $1.5 million from OMAT.

This money was most welcome but, unfortunately, about ten days after it had been granted, Mayor Wagner proceeded to Washington in a vain attempt to get control of MFY purse strings. Wagner also wanted to elicit more federal interest in JOIN, a New York City work-training program which a concerned federal official has characterized privately as "ineffective" and "sloppily run." Wagner was turned down when Mobilization was getting more money—and when it was getting more and more under the skin of city authorities.

That was the political situation immediately preceding the *Daily News* blast, which opened on Sunday, August 16, was picked up by other parties and persons, and continued irregularly in the *News* during the following weeks and months.

The attack, ranging from communism to corruption, from fomenting racial riots to demanding kickbacks on contracts, caught Mobilization by surprise. Many of the accusations were highly specific and could have been proved true or false in short order. These included: that inflammatory literature was printed on MFY mimeograph machines during the Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant riots; that "radical" Harlem leader Jesse Gray could be reached at MFY telephones; that the poster which read "Wanted for Murder—Gilligan the Cop" (Lt. Thomas R. Gilligan fatally shot a Negro boy, which act helped spark last summer's Negro riots) had been printed on a Mobilization machine; that numerous subversives were within the MFY organization.

The Mobilization reaction was at best inadequate. Winslow Carlton, director of the board, immediately issued a strong and well-reasoned denunciation of the subversion charges, but after that the counter-attack faltered. For instance, MFY could easily have proved that it did not own a machine capable of printing the "Wanted for Murder" poster. It took three weeks for Mobilization to deny and disprove the charges.

Politicians, especially but not exclusively Republicans, who were looking for a good campaign issue jumped in. In addition to Vice Presidential nominee William E. Miller's predictable reaction, City Councilman Joseph Modugno of Queens called for a city investigation and a withholding of funds. City Council President Paul Screvane asked the FBI to investigate, and a careful background search reveals that he, not the *Daily News*, first mentioned the "Gilligan the Cop" poster. Mayor Wagner, honorary chairman of Mobilization for Youth, announced that no new city funds would be allocated to the project until the charges were investigated. This was a meaningless statement, since no new funds were being considered.

At the state level, Republican Sen. John Marchi of Staten Island announced that his committee would investigate, even though no state funds were involved. In addition, the Mobilization board chairman announced that Philip Haberman had been hired by MFY itself to conduct an inquiry into subversion and possible misuse of facilities.

Once it was under fire, Mobilization soon found how fragile its position in Washington had become. With three different government organizations or interests investigating Mobilization, no one involved with poverty at the national level

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would risk compromising his own position by coming to the support of the New York agency.

Sargent Shriver, picked by President Johnson to head the anti-poverty fight, wrote a letter dated August 18 to the editor of *The New York Times*, in which he deplored a *Times* news statement that MFY was a prototype of the community action programs in Title II of the anti-poverty bill. Wrote Mr. Shriver, somewhat murkily: "One of the motivating purposes of Title II is to encourage local initiative in developing community action programs shaped to meet the particular needs of each community. Technical advice, not prototypes, will be the stock in trade of the Office of Economic Opportunity, and local innovation will be the watchword."

At the Department of Justice the attorney general had already announced his intention to go into New York. The last thing he wanted was to get involved in a youth-organization scandal. Despite his past association with MFY, he conscientiously avoided all hints of present or future association. David Hackett, quoted in the *World Telegram and Sun* of August 18, just before resigning, expressed faith in the organization: "All the information we have indicates that Mobilization for Youth has [been], and is doing, an exceptional job." On September 18, the *Daily News* quoted Hackett: "I'm out of it." He referred all questions to the Department of Justice and the FBI. Personally, however, he was in constant touch with top Mobilization people throughout Robert Kennedy's campaign. He spent perhaps as much as half his time talking with and helping MFY. Kennedy did not say a word, and was unreachable.

To their credit, a few public men endorsed the job Mobilization was doing. These included Sen. Jacob K. Javits of New York and Lower East Side Congressman Leonard Farbstein. But these men could only utter words—they did not control or exercise power.

To what extent the city cooperated with the *Daily News* is unknown. The paper probably has the best police relations among New York dailies, and the police, already antagonized, were undoubtedly happy to cooperate by opening their subversive-activities files to *News* reporters. The information in these files is usually not documented or investigated: it is simply stored until such time as an investigation seems warranted. But, digging into this compilation of hearsay, the *News* could cite, without fear of libel, various "facts" about subversives in Mobilization for Youth.

Philip Haberman, in his report of October 19, 1964, prepared at the request of MFY, found a total of nine "potential" subversives out of 400 employees. Only two of these had present Communist or subversive affiliations, whatever "subversive" might mean in this context.

One of these had resigned, the other was under investigation. Almost any welfare agency or bureau in the country could be similarly investigated with similar results. Bertram Beck, associate executive director of the National Association of Social Workers, has estimated that 50 per cent of the organization's 40,000 members have at one time belonged to groups that many Americans would consider left wing. The Mobilization record, within that setting, is good.

Nor did "corruption" turn out to be an issue in the Haberman report. If anything, the fault with the social worker mentality is that it is too "boy scout," too naive and dedicated, where a little realism might help. Of a total of some $8 million spent, only $2,100 could not be systematically accounted for — and there was no evidence of bad faith in connection with the undocumented money.The accounting record, as Haberman pointed out, is probably better than that of many of America's top corporations. James E. McCarthy was responsible for $1,500 of the $2,100, and upon finding himself unable to account for it with cash receipts, he paid back the money out of his own pocket. But McCarthy was vulnerable; there were stories that he had wined and dined lavishly. He was also involved in a serious interracial romance with a co-MFY worker. Rather than allow this to become a matter for the headlines, McCarthy resigned on September 11, and was married shortly thereafter. He was the first and the most important scapegoat of the *Daily News* charges.

In point of fact, the "corruption" and "communism" charges were both side issues, designed to wreck an organization whose zeal and methods were a real danger to established patterns on the Lower East Side. The Antipoverty Operations Board, under the spur of Paul Screvane, issued a unanimous report that harshly criticized Mobilization. Members of the board included Welfare Commissioner James R. Dumpson; Bernard E. Donovan, Executive Deputy Superintendent of Schools; Edward R. Dudley, Manhattan Borough President; Acting City Administrator Maxwell Lehman; Budget Director William F. Shea; Acting Labor Commissioner James J. McFadden; Personnel Director Theodore H. Lang; and Arthur J. Rogers, executive director of the City Youth Board. The report referred to "loose and shoddy" administrative practices, and "lavish and improper" spending; it indicated (but did not substantiate) Communist subversion.

Even if one were to grant that McCarthy spent more lavishly than Haberman indicated and was an inept director, a careful reading of the Screvane report shows that what the city wants is to bring Mobilization under its direct control.

Among the recommendations made by the Antipoverty Operations Board were the following, as quoted in *The New York Times* of November 10:

> *That "appropriate fiscal safeguards" be established both to the Antipoverty Board and MFY board, and*
>
> *That MFY use the Department of Real Estate and Purchase in its leasing and procurement operations.*

(This alone would put Mobiliza-

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tion, a non-profit, private corporation, under the direct thumb of the city, as opposed to its chief financer, the federal government.)

That MFY be furnished the services of the Department of Personnel to review backgrounds of new employees and to fix their salaries. (This would take away MFY autonomy in hiring and further subject it to city control.)

That other anti-poverty programs adopt the same procedures.

That local neighborhood leadership be assigned a predominant part in the MFY board. (These presumably are the very leaders whom MFY programs would overthrow in the long run.)

When Mobilization for Youth began, the people in City Hall and elsewhere evidently did not understand the implications of what they were supporting. Perhaps they hadn't read the Mobilization document. In any case, they understand the implications now, and they don't like it. HARYOU, based in Harlem, places more emphasis on social action than MFY ever dreamed of doing. So far, HARYOU has received only $5 million of its projected $117 million—and chances are bleak for its getting much more.

Poverty is indeed where the money is this year, as that Washington observer remarked in August. Big Money means Big Power. On November 6, the *Times* carried an advertisement supporting Mobilization for Youth. It was signed by almost every civil rights leader in the country. Perhaps the strength of the civil rights movement will save this valuable experimental program from a well-planned power grab by the city of New York. Perhaps not.

Divorce, New York Style . . . . . Peter Rowley

The divorce laws of New York State make a farce of the courts, discriminate in favor of the well-to-do families, and cause *more* broken marriages than would occur if the law were humane and in step with contemporary opinion and custom. New York is considered by some Americans to be the country's Sodom and Gomorrah, the most sophisticated state in the country; yet its laws on marriage belong to the 18th century.

New York has a divorce rate of .5 per cent; the national average is 2.2 per cent. But one expert estimates that the total of divorces within the state, migratory divorces, desertions, annulments and separations is higher in New York than in any other state. So its marriage laws, changed hardly at all since the American Revolution, do not seem conspicuously successful at preserving the integrity of the home.

A marriage can be terminated in New York State by divorce (on the one ground of adultery) or by annulment. There are also two quite rare situations: the so-called Enoch Arden "divorce," wherein the court rules that a husband or wife who has been missing for seven years is presumed dead, and the bizarre provision that an "annulment" may be granted when one partner has been incurably insane for five years.

New York State Supreme Court Justice Henry Clay Greenberg says of divorces granted in the state: "75 per cent, at the very least, are based on phony raids and thus involve collusion. This situation is aggravated by this fake annulment business, where the husband pretends he never wanted any children."

One prominent New York lawyer, Mrs. Helen L. Buttenwieser, is opposed to the limitation now put on grounds for a divorce "for many reasons":

Collusion in obtaining "proof" for divorce, and fraudulent testimony to obtain an annulment, and false swearing as to residence required for an "out-of-state" divorce weaken the moral fiber of our community.

The ability of the rich to fly elsewhere for a divorce is another instance of there being one law for the rich and another for the poor.

Persons who cannot afford an "out-of-state" divorce and have no grounds for a divorce or an annulment in this state must spend years —even a lifetime—without a partner in life.

Divorce for adultery often has legal consequences that are destructive. For instance, a child can be adopted without the consent of a parent divorced for adultery; and other consequences can flow from the proof of adultery which is a crime in the state of New York.

The limitation of grounds for divorce to adultery is a particularly outrageous example of the Catholic Church's enforcing its point of view on persons who do not belong to that Church—an interference by the Church in the affairs of state which is contrary to the spirit of our Constitution.

Other evils stemming from New York's absurd divorce law are the corruption of lawyers who frame phony cases both within the state and outside, and the impeding of reconciliations between estranged partners.

Up until fairly recently standard divorce practice in New York was to hire a private detective, and a woman who would pose as a corespondent, and then fake an incident of adultery in a hotel room. The detective would burst into the hotel room, "discover" the husband and "corespondent" in bed together, and the divorce would subsequently be routinely granted. But judges today frown on this procedure—the succession of private detectives on the witness stand in one divorce case after another lends little dignity to their courts.

The following is a fictionalized but representative story of how a divorce is obtained in the state (I observed twelve divorces and twelve annulments, in Manhattan Supreme Court on Foley Square and in Kings County Court, Brooklyn):

Susan and Charles, having agreed that their marriage is untenable, consult a local lawyer who tells them how a divorce can be framed, and suggests a woman who will pose as "corespondent" (the lawyer's fee may be as little as $200 and the corespondent's $10 or so). Susan, accompanied by two friends as "witnesses," pays a "surprise" visit to Charles's apartment, discovering her husband and the woman in night clothes. Susan and the witnesses now lie on the stand—"Was the adultery alleged in your complaint committed with your consent, connivance, privity or procurement?" They say "No."

And the following is a fictionalized

Peter Rowley, himself a Catholic, is a free-lance writer.

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but representative account of the annulment technique:

> Frank and Mary De Souza are a Negro couple (almost all of the persons seeking divorces or annulments in New York State are low-income and about half are Negro or Puerto Rican), living in Harlem. The marriage is a failure and there are no children; so after two years they seek another unscrupulous lawyer who specializes in the annulment racket. With his help, this elaborate story is cooked up: before their marriage Frank supposedly assured Mary in the presence of her mother, Mrs. Bella Washington, that he wanted children. Mrs. De Souza will testify that throughout their marriage Frank has used contraceptives and that he has finally admitted to her that he never wanted children in the first place, but only said so in order to deceive her into marrying him. Mrs. Washington will support her daughter's story.

So ritualistic has the process of divorce or annulment become that the lawyers read the questions to the witnesses in court from cardboard lists or sheets of paper *supplied by the courts*.

"The wealthy can pay for the Nevada divorce. Those in the middle and upper middle classes go to Mexico, and the poor have desertion and common law marriage," says Prof. Henry Foster of New York University Law School, who heads the research committee of the American Bar Association. New York's divorce law is a boon to Nevada, where the divorce rate is an incredible thirty-four per thousand. The Nevada divorce is a relatively painless way to dissolve a marriage, if you can afford it. The cost is at least $1,500 and probably much more, and covers hiring two lawyers in New York State—one for husband, the other for wife—and a second brace of lawyers in Nevada. The wife, of course, will reside in Nevada, the husband being absent. The usual ground is mental cruelty, and the residence requirement only six weeks. But the state is so eager to have the woman's custom during those weeks that very stiff sentences are imposed for perjury on the witness stand. The aspiring divorcée cannot set one foot out of Nevada, and to make doubly certain the state requires that a witness testify to having seen her in the state continuously for six weeks.

Some lawyers prefer the Nevada divorce because it is recognized throughout the U.S.; others choose Mexico either because it's cheaper or because it does not involve residency. A "quickie" divorce flight to Juarez, across the border from Texas, will cost from $350 to $500.

The big drawback to the Mexican divorce is its questionable validity. Two such divorces—*Wood* v. *Wood* and *Rosenstiel* v. *Rosenstiel* — are currently in litigation in the New York Court of Appeals. Some 250,000 people will be affected by the court's decision; the legitimacy of children born subsequent to Mexican decrees, alimonies and wills are also at issue.

Why does the situation exist? Because the Roman Catholic Church has defeated every attempt to liberalize the law. From early in the century (prior to that, Victorian Republican legislators blocked divorce law changes) Roman Catholic legislators, aided by non-Catholic colleagues fearful of losing Irish and Italian votes, have put down every bill designed to liberalize divorce. During the 1950s, they even went so far as to refuse to set up a legislative committee to study the state of divorce in New York.

The Roman Catholic lobbyist in Albany is Charles J. Tobin, secretary of the New York State Catholic Welfare Committee. On the morning of one crucial vote some years ago, legislators received in the mail letters telling them that 400,000 Catholics in the state were opposed to any change in the divorce law. The N.Y.S.C.W.C. consists of representatives from each diocese and archdiocese of New York, meeting monthly in Albany. But there are other pressure groups, the Knights of Columbus among them. The chairman of the New York chapter of the K. of C. has admitted that his organization would fight any liberalization of the present law by getting "our members to write their state legislators."

But the Catholic position, or at least the position of Tobin and the conservative bishops, is being undermined today by a new feeling in some sectors of the Church that non-Catholics should be allowed freedom of conscience. Professor Foster thinks that many lay Catholics take a more liberal attitude than does the hierarchy. One courageous Roman Catholic assemblyman, Daniel M. Kelly, has said that because of the "open spirit" of the Ecumenical Council "the Catholic Church may change its position on divorce in New York state." But as yet few New York State politicians are willing even to discuss the subject.

A liberalized divorce law would not affect Catholics: they are not permitted divorce under any circumstance, and have their own ecclesiastical courts to grant annulments. The usual counter-argument to this obvious fact is that liberal divorce laws weaken the home, encourage juvenile delinquency and cause promiscuity. But since the current New York law results in desertions and divorces above the national average, it would seem that Roman Catholics are supporting the very thing they oppose.

The divorce laws of the nation are at present chaotic. Alabama recognizes at least nine grounds for ending a marriage, among them cruelty, adultery and drunkenness; New York admits one. The residency requirements, one of the reasons for the wasteful hopping from one state to another (and how can a reconciliation be effected if the wife is in Las Vegas and the husband on Long Island?) range from Florida (six months), Wyoming (sixty days) to Pennsylvania (two years). California bans remarriage for one year after the divorce, which is why California has the second highest annulment rate in the nation. It has been suggested that sociological differences between one state and another require that divorce laws be adapted to local conditions. This may possibly have been the case fifty years ago, but in a nation as unified as the United States, with an encompassing popular culture, a national set of criteria for divorce law would seem the fairest solution. It can be accomplished by uniformity of laws among the states or by a federal law.

There is some doubt as to whether a federal divorce law would be constitutional but, provided a good one could be written, it could be administered equitably by the federal judges throughout the states. The risk in a federal statute is that if it proved unsatisfactory the whole country would be shackled to it. If the fifty states can agree on the grounds and conditions for divorce, that might be the most prudent solution. If they cannot, the federal government will some day be forced

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to take responsibility for uniform divorce.

The United States also faces the question of whether the defendant-plaintiff system is the ideal way to dissolve or to reconcile marriages. Is one party always innocent and the other totally guilty? Should the parties be forced to make accusations against each other? Why could a judge not seek a reconciliation and, if that failed, then decide whether to dissolve the marriage, without blaming either party? It has been suggested that divorce cases be handled in a secret tribunal, the argument being that reconciliation is easier if family disputes are not publicly aired. That may be so, but the dangers of secret courts are inherent and notorious; they clash with our experience of justice.

The simplest solution is to grant divorce on grounds of habitual drunkenness, consistent failure to support the wife and children, permanent insanity, physical and mental cruelty, and the similar grounds that make of marriage either a farce or a torment. The time has come for New York to catch up with the rest of the nation and for all the states—or the federal government—to formulate uniform divorce laws that accord with the sober judgment of the community.

Monstrous Christmas To All . . . . . Eve Merriam

Last year's Christmas message, you may recall, was Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men, and More Toy Weapons for the Children. This year there are still plenty of the standard classics to purchase, such as the Shootin' Shell Fanner, the Cobra Automatic, the fifty-shot repeater Trooper ("it smokes!") and the Buckle Gun. A steady seller is labeled "Authentic Design—new Army Combat Weapon." It is a plastic rifle with a telescopic sight, and I suppose we should be grateful that its official title is The Thunder-Matic, not The Assassination Special.

Indeed, the whole gamut of gunplay from toy grenade to toy battlefield stretcher, is still socially acceptable, Toy guns, like carbonated beverages, make for social mixing, as both boys and girls of grammar-school age are invited to join the Kadets of America (affiliated with Kadets International, headquarters Savannah, Tenn.) and to drill with Kadet Trainerifles and Kadet Air Rifles. (Fashion note: the girls get red-white-and-blue Trainerifles to shoulder arms with instead of plain drab khaki.) The Kadets' merchandise is available at most variety stores, and affixed to each rifle is a brochure whose patriotic prose explains that "As part of the Kadets, you will have an opportunity to take part in parades and other local events as well as invitations to march in parades in other cities and towns, drill at football games and other events. You'll feel proud when you march down the street, or when you are performing on television. . . . The training you receive as a Kadet will be equal to that which you would receive in a regular military school . . . the type of training that has helped our country's greatest leaders, and the type of training that will help you become a statesman, an ambassador, or a career military officer."

Notwithstanding this continuing fusillade, forward-looking purchasers are advised this year to make it a monster Yuletide. Remember those old election campaign buttons: *Goldwater for Halloween*? Well, it's become Halloween for Christmas and all year round on the nation's toy counters, with haunting horrifics monopolizing the choice display space all the way from F.A.O. Schwarz on Fifth Avenue, New York, to the neighborhood outlet in Anchorage.

Monsters, monsters everywhere—in the form of Frankenstein's creation, King Kong, The Phantom of the Opera, Count Dracula, The Hunchback of Notre Dame, Wolf Man, The Mummy, The Creature, The Thing and nameless purple-fanged, green-hoofed blobs from outer space: these are all leading the new juvenile hit parade. The monsters come in all shapes and sizes and sexes: most popular are the assemble-a-ghoul plastic model kits that sell for $1 or are discounted for less. So hotly desired are these kits, in fact, that many department stores and five-and-tens have had to set them up in special display areas spilling over from the regular toy racks. Among the monster models on the Woolworth counters, one seems peculiarly out of place: it is our old WASP friend, Superman, looking pale, wan and definitely milquetoast when surrounded by such genuinely virile figures as Godzilla the Gorilla and King Kong, with the ravishing, ravished blonde draped in his paws.

Another assembly kit series offers Custom Monsters, designed by "The King of the Monster Painters," Ed "Big Daddy" Roth. These include Dinghead Gremmy Surfink and Brother Ratfink on a Bike. For the uninitiate, a notice inside the package elucidates:

> *The word "Fink" has a long and shady past. Coined around the turn of the century, but received most of it's* [sic] *notoriety during the Chicago gangster era, Fink meant squealer or double-crosser. "Fink" faded from the scene until Steve Allen came out with the expression* RAT FINK *on his TV show. This expression which covers a multitude of unsavory things was soon picked up by everyone including our youth to voice their opinions of the unspeakable. Now 99% of our youth are good guys and what they call the other 1% is . . . "Rat Fink." This monster—the latest of Big Daddy Roth's creations—represents the 1%. This model is molded of styrene plastic.*

Still another company on the monster model bandwagon puts out Weird-Ohs ("car-icky-tures with many fine disgusting parts to assemble") and along with Francis the Foul and Leaky Boat Louie, there is just plain Daddy, shown as a Weird-Oh commuting frantically from Suburbia to Rat Race. (Some subversive on the assembly line here.)

The monster model kits are only the beginning, though. Also on sale are monster cuddly dolls, monster pillows, monster sweat shirts, monster insignia to sew, paste, glue, iron and stomp on,

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monster greeting cards, monster magazines, monster fan clubs, monster phonograph records, monster trading cards and bubble-gum wrappers and—the biggest monster payoff of them all—the weekly monster television shows. These programs are not old Boris Karloff reruns on *The Late Late Show;* they are new, prime-time evening programs to latch onto the growing moppet market for monsterdom. A.B.C. has the lead in the network horror sweepstakes: its *Addams Family* (based on the necrophilia-oriented cartoons of Charles Addams) is currently rated by Nielsen among the top ten shows. C.B.S., not to be outdone in bad taste, offers a slightly more spider-webbed and flying-batted family in *The Munsters,* and also stacks up Julie Newmar as a robot in *My Living Doll.*

What with the super-salesman tactics and the pervasiveness of television, it is hard to tell whether the monster fad caused these programs or vice versa. As the Duncan Corporation promoted the nation's children into a yo-yo and top-spinning orgy by buying up spot announcements on every local TV outlet in the country, so undoubtedly the TV exposure of Morticia (the talon-fingered wife in *The Addams Family*) and Lurch (the lobotomized-looking butler) serve to promote monster interest in other quarters. Nevertheless, TV alone could not have produced the monster mania, for many products and fads that are pushed avidly on TV nevertheless fail. The popularity of monsters is one of those Ideas Whose Time Has Come. Walt Disney, one of the kingliest trend makers of them all, must have sensed it when he set up the giant talking Lincoln figure at the Illinois Pavilion of the World's Fair last spring; indeed, the entire fair may have been Robert Moses' graceful acknowledgment that if monsterdom was the wave of the future, ride it.

Toy industry spokesmen estimate that $20 million or more will be spent on monster playthings by the end of the Christmas season, and they note that this is not just kid stuff, since teen-agers and adults make 95 per cent of all toy-buying decisions. Related products are bound to account for millions more; A.B.C. has licensed Addams Family dolls to attach to automobile dashboards, make-up kits, bracelets, pins, card games, puzzles, puppets, masquerade costumes and masks, chemistry, magic and hobby sets, boxed board games, and an assortment of stuffed animals modeled after pets on the show. (These last include Homer, a spider; Aristotle, an octopus; Cicero, an iguana; and for real friendly curling up with, a toy vulture.) Where such bone-yard pickings abound, the canny publisher forages. After permitting the Addams cartoons to languish in limited hard-cover editions for many years, Pocket Books, Inc., has now brought out a 50c sampling, and plans to publish five more collections of the macabre cartoon characters between now and June. Colgate-Palmolive is packaging Wolf Man and Frankenstein's Monster liquid bath soap. Their advertising campaign is geared to the slogan: "Soapy Spooks Scare You Clean."

How long will the monster craze last? Your shrug is as good as any expert's guess. According to the president of a marketing and industrial design firm, "Unreal toys are booming because faced with heavy realism in daily life, people counter by buying Count Dracula, Frankenstein's Monster and Wolf Man. The public—like a theatre audience responding to comic relief after a tragic scene—can stand just so much realism. In recent years, we've had sustained realism. Now the public is seeking escape."

My own theory is just the opposite. I think the current monster craze represents a refining of reality, not a flight away from it. The Beatles are real — nobody could make them up—and they have hair down to their eyes. American Mods and Rockers, the *Scorpio Rising* set, grow their hair almost to shoulder length. What more logical extension than heroes with hair all over them? And from "yeah, yeah, yeah" and "Smoke Kools, *Smoke Kools,* SMOKE KOOLS" to grunt, grunt, grunt: the road to monsterdom is not an escapist by-pass; it is a Madison Avenue thruway. Finally, after the inanities of the late election campaign, with the stentorian corn-pone Great Society wrestling against the Mild-Mannered Maniac, the image of lovable, buyable monsters seems entirely realistic. And now I'm on my way to Gimbels to purchase my very own Abominable Snowman—walks and screams, tigerlike fangs, arms raise, eyes light up: all-white plush, $5.99.

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Wages of Fashion

THE ECONOMICS OF TASTE: The Rise and Fall of the Picture Market, 1760-1960. By Gerald Reitlinger. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 518 pp., 8 plates. $8.50.

John Carter

We have been waiting a long time for this book. There have been many studies of collecting taste, collectors, patronage and the like: Francis Henry Taylor's *The Taste of Angels*, Prof. W. G. Constable's *Art Collecting in U.S.A.*, Francis Haskell's *Patrons and Painters*, Aline Saarinen's *The Proud Possessors*, to name but a handful. And of course prices have been discussed in all of them. But the only hard index of long-term developments in taste and fashion in art, private or institutional, is provided by the market. Mr. Reitlinger, an English connoisseur and critic who started out as a painter, has performed a herculean task in disinterring and assembling two centuries of sale records for 208 individual artists from Alma-Tadema to Zoffany, plus nine groups such as "Flemish Primitives Before 1540" or "Venetian School, late 15th and 16th centuries." The artists range in date from Fra Angelico and Van Eyck to Picasso; and the entries range in number from four for Giandomenico Tiepolo (whom Mr. Reitlinger despises) to three or four solid pages apiece for Rembrandt, Rubens, Gainsborough or Reynolds. This detailed sales analysis occupies the second half of the book, each artist getting a shrewd, pungent, introductory note.

Mr. Reitlinger is careful to explain that his list is not meant to be an index of the best-known painters of the world, though in fact it includes most of them. (The index of artists, by the way, is not comprehensive.) Here are the painters who either have been fashionable at one time or another, or have generally been recognized as classical; the former category is the more interesting to the student of taste or of the market. If the late 18th-century English portrait painters, if Millais and Israels, Meissonnier and Troyon, David Roberts and Copley Fielding, receive more attention than Vermeer, it is because they were monarchs of the sale room in their day. They document some very curious chapters in the history of taste, "which is so often," Mr. Reitlinger sadly admits, "a history of bad taste." "Possibly," he adds, "there are only a few people who want to look up Wouverman, Berchem, Teniers, Van Ostade and the Both brothers. But at the beginning of the 19th century, half the art-loving world considered them the greatest painters who had ever lived. This opinion has changed and the lists show, better than any explanatory text, how this change has made itself felt."

They do indeed. Frith's "The Salon d'Or" (now in the Rhode Island School of Design) was bought in 1872 for £4,000—about $125,000 of today's money—but when it came up at Christie's in 1944 it was knocked down for 46 guineas ($150). In 1914, Duveen sold Hoppner's "The Tambourine Girl" (now in Kansas City) to the Stotesburys for $350,000 (say $1,500,000 today): thirty years later it was again sold in New York, but this time for $6,500. In 1886, Junius Spencer Morgan paid $60,000 (today's equivalent, $350,000) for "The Horse Fair" by Rosa Bonheur, now in the Metropolitan Museum: the last two Bonheurs cited by Mr. Reitlinger, "Highland Cattle" and "Sheep in a Pasture," brought in 1954, £63 and £68 respectively in London. It would be easy, but depressing, to cite a score of equally headlong falls. How *could* they have been such mugs, one asks with the smugness of hindsight (however temporary).

There are, of course, plenty of sharp upward movements charted in Mr. Reitlinger's analysis, e.g., the entries for Greco, G. B. Tiepolo, Stubbs, Palmer, Pissarro, Modigliani. In 1895, at the Vente Gauguin in Paris, "Waiting for the Letter" was sold for $75 (say $500 today); in 1959, consigned by Mr. George Goodyear of Buffalo to Sotheby's, it brought $364,000. As late as 1924, the Tate Gallery paid only £696 for Van Gogh's "The Yellow Straw Chair" and £1304 for "Sunflowers"; whereas in 1958, at the already historic Jakob Goldschmidt sale, his "Public Gardens at Arles" reached £132,000. In the early years of this century H. O. Havemeyer paid £700 for the large portrait of the Duke of Wellington by Goya, which is now in the National Gallery in Washington. In 1961, Goya's much smaller portrait of the Iron Duke (now AWOL from the National Gallery, London) made £140,000 at Sotheby's. Again examples could be multiplied, especially among the Impressionists and Post-Impressionists, the Baroque and Mannerist painters and the Venetian *vedute* painters of the 18th century.

The high prices get reported in the press; only the specialists notice declines. And Mr. Reitlinger is just as skeptical about current fashions as his devastating set of figures will have taught his readers to be about those of the past. He has a particular down, for instance, on Francesco Guardi; he excludes Giacomo Guardi, Pannini, the Riccis and Zuccarelli from his analytical list, along with Archimboldo, Desiderio Monsu, Pillement and many other currently "smart" artists. He has some sharp things to say about several of the fashionable French painters of the past hundred years, and there is no entry for Redon, the Douanier Rousseau, Klee, Pascin, Soutine or Vlaminck. Nor will it be easy for attentive readers of his main text to disagree: so thorough, judicious, and subtle is his history of the art market during the two centuries since the decade which saw the first national academy established, the first annual exhibitions and the first competition between the Paris and London markets, which in effect initiated the international art market as we know it today.

From the first chapters "Art Collecting in the Late Eighteenth Century" (with its atmosphere of speculation) and "The Revolutionary and Napoleonic Period" (when the war between England and France hardly interfered at all with the Paris-London traffic), he proceeds to "The Rewards of the Living Painter"—the Georgians the Proto-Victorians (1800-60), and the Golden Age (1860-1914) from Maclise and Leighton to Sargent. There is a fine chapter on "The Old Masters,

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John Carter, C.B.E., best known as an authority on rare books, has been for the past ten years an amateur student of the picture market in his capacity as associate of Sotheby and Co., the Bond Street auction house. He is now also a director of the Parke-Bernet Galleries, New York.

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1815-1884." These were the years from Lord Northwick, Angerstein and Cardinal Fesch to Sir Charles Eastlake, Sir Frederick Burton and Sedelmeyer of Paris, with the decline of old-master collecting in mid-Victorian England in favor of the literary realism of the contemporary Academicians. "The Treasures Depart, 1884-1914" is the story of the exodus from Great Britain; first to the Rothschilds, then to the aspiring Americans (and their most enterprising purveyor, Duveen). Finally, we have "Slump, War and Inflation, 1929-1960," the wildly quivering bioscope of our own generation.

Mr. Reitlinger's mastery of his mass of facts and figures, and his lively dexterity in interpreting them, are equally remarkable. He assumes a reasonable knowledge; he does not define "schoolpiece" nor think it necessary to identify the painter of "The Vision of a Christian Knight" (alias St. Eustace) in London's National Gallery. Americans, Chicagoans in particular, may find his analysis of the 1872-1914 market in Impressionists and Post-Impressionists a trifle parochial. Not everybody will agree with such verdicts as, for Raoul Dufy, "the grand ancestor of all smart modernist magazine advertisements." He permits himself some predictions: e.g., "I have no doubt that, little as Raphael may suit the spirit of the age, another Raphael on the market would mean another highest priced picture in the world" (the highest to date, *in terms of today's money,* is still the Benois Madonna of Leonardo, bought in Paris by the Czar in 1914 for $1,500,000), or "it would have to be a very important sort of Reynolds, if there are any left, which would hold its place against Raeburn or Lawrence." And he perhaps underestimates the influence of market rarity on the price of Manets.

The present edition of *The Economics of Taste* is a verbatim reprint, seemingly by offset, from the original London edition of 1961. This means that a few locations and "records" are out of date. One supposes that if Mr. Reitlinger were writing today he would include Georges de la Tour (and perhaps Kandinsky) in his analysis, and would recognize the recent resurrection of Frith and the early Landseer. He might (but I doubt it) recognize the modern abstract painters. He would have to revise his estimate of Rembrandt's popularity—"universal in the first thirty years of this century, but not maintained since"—unless he thought Dr. Rorimer grossly mistaken in paying $2,300,000 for "Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer," when the Metropolitan already had sixteen or seventeen examples of the master. It would have been nice if a few obvious minor errors could have been corrected; misspellings of Giudecca, Cincinnati, Thannhauser, the location of the Frick Library in San Marino; not to mention a few more serious ones—the 1957 price for the Arenburg Vermeer, for instance, was not £400,000 but about $375,000, and Chicago's "La Grande Jatte" by Seurat was not, thank God, "destroyed" in the fire at the Museum of Modern Art in 1958.

It would, I suppose, have been intolerably onerous to convert prices, given throughout in sterling, into dollars, for the convenience of American readers; even though prices cited from continental or American sales, whether public or private, had already been converted into pounds. Yet such conversion would have valuably reinforced for his transatlantic public one extremely important factor underlined by Mr. Reitlinger in his introduction: the depreciation over the years of the value of money. This is significant in his account of what living painters earned in their own time (Reynolds charged 100 guineas for a full-length portrait in 1760, Constable £250 for an Academy landscape in 1830, Meissonnier about £10,000 for a full-dress battlepiece in the 1880s, Mr. Andrew Wyeth or Mr. Peter Blume charge perhaps $50,000 or $60,000 in New York today). It is equally significant in appraising the graph of a painter's sales in the later market. Mr. Reitlinger furnishes a rough multiplication table for eight periods, from "1760-1795, multiply by 12" to "1948-1960, multiply by 2," and readers should keep a permanent marker at p. XVI.

I have used *The Economics of Taste* during the past few years to demonstrate that current picture prices, contrary to the general supposition, are by no means high *in terms of today's money* and I have found it convenient to state earlier prices in "Reitlinger dollars" (R$) for realistic comparisons. I recommend this formula, but I think its inspirer would agree with me in recommending also that after four more years of inflation the multiplication table needs stepping up.

The Economics of Taste will be required reading for all professionals in its field. It should certainly be studied by any prudent picture buyer, whether a museum curator, a private collector or a dealer, who contemplates investing in a work by any currently fashionable artist. And, while not "light entertainment" in the conventional sense, it will be found highly entertaining by anyone who is remotely interested either in pictures or in the vagaries of taste, fashion and status symbolism.

The New Millions

THE CULTURE CONSUMERS. By Alvin Toffler. St Martin's Press. 263 pp. $5.

Harris Dienstfrey

Ever since the mass media became a "problem" some fifteen years ago, observers of American society have been conducting an energetic debate on the state of the country's cultural life. Is it in a condition of blight and decay? Or is it vigorously healthy, perhaps at the threshold of some bright new flowering? Behind this issue is the larger one of whether or not democracy and the arts are compatible. Do political and social equalitarianism inevitably mean a culture determined by majority rule? The American experience presumably provides an answer.

Alvin Toffler's *The Culture Consumers* enters this discussion with a cheerful survey of the new millions, people and dollars both, that have rushed to the environs of high culture since the end of World War II. According to Toffler, the essential statistics of the "culture boom" are these: that one in every four-to-six Americans currently patronizes, participates in, or studies one of the high arts, and that all this activity entails an expenditure of over $3 billion. By 1970, the figure very likely will reach $7 billion.

The Culture Consumers is most satisfying as an itemization of what these statistics mean in terms of the country's cultural demography—a socially broadened public for the high arts, new sources and patterns of cultural patronage, new nonprofit cultural institutions springing up everywhere.

Harris Dienstfrey has published articles on the film and other mass media in Commentary *and* Contact, *and has contributed the chapter on film to the forthcoming* The New American Arts *(Horizon Press).*

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Toffler thinks the federal government should encourage such developments, and he intelligently outlines several ways the government can subsidize them without turning itself into an artistic reviewing board.

On the significance of the culture boom, the book is considerably less successful. Toffler believes it is democratizing the arts, an estimate that seems to see them as something the upper classes formerly could lock away in a basement vault. He also subscribes to the notion that the billowing culture market will lead to some kind of renaissance. "The cultural explosion . . . is the beginning, not the end, of something profound, colorful, and exciting." The study closes on a high note of affirmation engendered by a very simple reading of America's past: "A maturing nation is beginning to concern itself with the quality of existence. This is the meaning of the rise of the culture consumers."

If Toffler's judgments include more will than reason, the worst to be said about this book is that it proceeds from the same frame of reference that supports the contrary views it attempts to refute. The whole discussion of the health or decay of American culture is by now little more than a formalized colloquy which has exhausted the impressionistic insights it began with. It needs little imagination to envision Toffler's self-chosen sparring partner, Dwight Macdonald, re-shuffling parts of *The Culture Consumers* to bolster the counter arguments he advanced most recently in "Masscult & Midcult," that "'a tepid ooze of Midcult is spreading everywhere" and that a high culture cannot exist without an elite.

Basically, only one issue concerns both sides of this debate, whether or not America can sustain the kind of high culture that exists in Europe. Neither side disputes the absence of such a high culture; the argument centers directly on the likelihood of its appearance. The Cassandras in the debate see no possibility, arguing that the middlebrows or the mass media are too pervasive. The optimists, like Toffler, see every possibility, arguing that at this very moment democracy, aided by affluence, is lifting a sizable public into a cultural position comparable to the one occupied by the elite minorities of Europe, proof that the high arts are not imperiled by cheap imitations.

This entire discussion stops where it should begin. On the basic issue that America lacks a traditional high culture, the discussion cannot be faulted. But the question that follows is not, how then can the country get one, but rather, what kind of configuration has developed in its stead? There are continuities in the American novel, in American painting, even in the regularity with which different groups, from the Brahmins of New England to the contemporary generation of Jews in New York, emerge to act for a while as cultural arbiters of the nation. What are these continuities, and how did they come about? The point is, America has created its own species of higher, or not-so-high, culture—a very notable one—but it has been entrusted to no one continuing group (as in Europe), and its achievements are less a flowering of commonly available values and forms (essentially the European situation) than an accumulation of parallel creations each of which had to determine its own values and forms. A kind of tradition guides this higher culture, but it is a tradition that each generation actively rediscovers, indeed each member of each generation; the tradition is not passed on like some natural bequest. In America, higher culture does not form one continuous curve but in effect a series of roughly parallel arcs.

A major element in these regular acts of renewal has been to weigh the value of European culture and determine the relevance of its achievements to the American context. In evolving its own higher culture, America has aspired to, rejected, and drawn from Europe's.

At the same time, American higher culture has had to come to terms with the forms of popular culture that surrounded it. Until 1900, this was mostly an oral culture; since then it has been the electronic culture of the mass media. Perhaps the sharpest single difference between the high cultures of Europe and America is that the latter has developed in conjunction with an emerging popular culture which in its electronic forms — precisely because they were unchecked by any firm or clear standards from above—reached a size and complexity unlike any other in the world.

The relations between "high" and "low" in America are extraordinarily complex, and no catch phrase can characterize them. Paralleling his response to European culture, the "higher" artist has rejected, drawn from, and been influenced by the forms, themes and styles of the popular culture of his own country.

Moreover, the greater part of the audience for the high arts first confronted the creative imagination in the forms and range of popular culture, and how this has affected its expectations and perceptions is a totally open question. (Does the recent rise in museum attendance, about which Toffler makes so much, have anything to do with the fact that so many Americans were weaned artistically on the visual forms of the movies?) Again, the directness and vitality of the best in popular culture has often served to cleanse the higher-culture landscape of the precious and spurious. As Reuel Denney argues in *The Astonished Muse* (one of the rare books to explore American popular culture without assuming the answers beforehand), "The Brown, Mauve, and Pea-green decades of the period 1870-1917 had to be ended by a cultural lynching party . . . and the trial was summarily conducted by Judge Nickelodeon." It is impossible to understand America's higher culture apart from its lower (Toffler, for example, believes he can elicit the significance of the culture boom without discussing the mass arts at all), or by formulating abstractions that see the one as being inevitably corrupted by the other.

Neither the spread of mass- or midcult that so worries Macdonald, nor the rush to the high arts that so pleases Toffler, is as crucial as either believes. The danger of the first represents nothing novel, the promise of the second nothing revolutionary. In fact, of the two developments, the consumers' "discovery" of traditional high culture may be more harmful, for it could strengthen the wrong-headed tendency to see—and shape—the American variety in terms which overlook its essential (and unique) blending of the high and low. In this curious coupling the heart of American higher culture lies.

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Autumn-Winter 1964-65

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In Conflict with Love

I climbed up through brambles, wild lilies, and the heat,
then cut across through woods, annoyed by bugs,
and emerged beyond the timber line, up to the top,
there breathed freely while taking the measure of the day.

Suddenly I saw I was not alone on that height,
looking up and to my left, the profile of a man at his ease,
a stranger and bearded, regarding the valley below
mildly through binoculars and its cluster of houses.

By the edge he was, and tall, marking something down
in a book brought for the purpose, a jar beside him
against the thirst and some bread in case of hunger.
It was then I noticed my own house down there among the rest!

And I knew he could somehow see even within,
not only the houses but also the hearts of those within,
my wife bathing, my children quarreling, even myself,
when I should be down there, in conflict with love.

Such was his open power and large freedom
of perspective, the height of his perch and its outlook,
the wide sweep and distance of his limitless mind,
as I, unobserved, observed him who thought he was not observed,

that I thought for a moment he might be God
collecting at this post the various intelligence necessary
for his broad dominion, his perpetual sway over the earth
and over us, the disordered children of this earth.

The food beside him, however, contradicted this,
and so I figured him a compassionate angel, recording
such information as was meet his Lord should know
for the proper exercise of his sovereignty and rule.

No wings, but only the shoulders of a man showed at his back,
so then I thought he must be a voyager from beyond the world,
an early messenger sent to garner knowledge in the field for his
expeditionary chiefs in some remote headquarters and unknown.

No interplanetary contrivance was anywhere in sight,
and I thought I had uncovered a devious spy
revealing stratagems on microfilm for coded transmission
in a hollowed pencil. That would explain the disguise.

The lack of missile installations around my home, however,
deprived the scene of any ideological import,
and it seemed to me then he was a painter or a poet
sketching or taking notes for the use of his craft.

But there was in truth more altitude than was necessary for these,
and as I cast about in that clear light for a suitable answer,
he turned gently from his task and looked me full in the face
and urgent eyes.

Then I knew just who he was!

Norman Friedman

Space

Shall we come in all our earliness,
Come empty to place itself,
Not having waited for each to acquire
That inch of territory as light-full
And as sure, as much a dance in distance
As the great lilac is for space?

Through the lilac
Between the buds that blaze,
In your lilyan twilight,
In your cool, flower of ours made of flowers,
In the wine black of your amazements,
gem of ours quickened with gems,
In your blue new-born as eyes soon brown
We shall swim, we shall gaze.

Leave it to the osprey to travel out only;
We have it in our bodies to fly by making room.
Before we journey high into the great fragrance,
Let it be our time, the autumn of the vineyards,
the spring of the bushes;
Where the heart is, and the lungs are,
The emblem known, the organ grown
As light curves into the planet and berry.
And clustered like the lavender on lavender star
May be this blossom we carry in us like a well,
this flesh of jewel.

Helen Wolfert

The Building of the Skyscraper

The steel worker on the girder
Learned not to look down, and does his work,
And there are words we have learned
Not to look at,
Not to look for substance
Below them. But we are on the verge
Of vertigo.

There are words that mean nothing
But there is something to mean.
Not a declaration which is truth
But a thing
Which is. It is the business of the poet
'To suffer the things of the world
And to speak them and himself out'.

O, the tree, growing from the sidewalk —
It has a little life, sprouting
Little green buds
Into the culture of the streets.
We look back
Two hundred years and see bare land.
And suffer vertigo.

George Oppen

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Passes in Glass

LOUIS C. TIFFANY, REBEL IN GLASS. By Robert Koch. Crown Publishers. 246 pp. $7.50.

Richard Howard

From bad books we learn what we may with the most effort. Dr. Koch's study of Louis Tiffany, originally a seven-page text for the Museum of Contemporary Crafts show of 1958, has been puffed to over 200 by sagging quotations, catalogues—one list of "favrile items" includes a thermometer!—and a lot of careless figurative language:

> *Tiffany's name was cloaked with derision during the thirties and forties, which witnessed the spread to America of the austere functional aesthetic emanating from the German* Bauhaus.

Yet there is a great deal to be gleaned, however laboriously, from this ungainly book. It affords color photographs of Tiffany's great work and, tucked away in odd corners, much curious information, if not much knowledge.

Instead of entering his family's successful jewelry and silver business, the mercurial and attractive Louis, who hated school, apprenticed himself at 18 to George Innes, and throughout the rest of his long life painted a lot of pleasant and mediocre canvases, mostly genre landscapes and flower studies entirely untainted by art nouveau. At 20 he met Oscar Wilde, went to Paris, traveled in North Africa, and returned to New York to rent his first studio in the 23rd Street YMCA. He married Ik Marvel's daughter, who was tubercular, exhibited his work with mild success, but soon discovered the more sensational rewards to be gained in the applied arts, for which William Morris had laid down the law: "If it was not beautiful it had no right to exist; if it was not invention it became wearisome; if not founded on nature it could hardly be beautiful or inventive."

As a decorator, Tiffany's efforts climaxed, suitably, in the White House, though his clients also included Mark Twain and himself—his account of the "novel effects" introduced into his own apartment on East 26th Street is typical of the illiterate, arty language of the profession: "It would have been a pity indeed to box in such objects after the ordinary fashion. The counterweight, a shallow box playing up and down a groove to one side of the window, was turned likewise into a thing of beauty."

Decorating for the Four Hundred, however, frequently exasperated a man who was "impatient with the limitations of language, and found it impossible to explain or express himself without gestures or effects. Even in simple conversation he was more an actor than a talker." His experiments in glass—largely in making windows during the eighties—were more satisfying. In the age of "art glass" Tiffany discovered that the techniques of accident, the fusion and folding of color, afforded him an expressive medium precisely suited to his talents. He supplied the glass for windows commissioned from Vuillard, Bonnard, Toulouse-Lautrec, but it was evident that his own highest achievement was in designs of an abstract character. Had not Ruskin decreed that "no man who knows what painting means can endure a painted glass window which emulates painter's work. But he rejoices in a glowing mosaic of broken color; for that is what the glass has the special gift and right of producing."

By 1894 (he was 47), Tiffany and his chief glass blower Nash felt that their "favrile glass" was ready to be marketed—each work to be a unique, personal expression. Individuality was considered the "mark of truth" and the main selling point for Tiffany products. By 1898, Dr. Koch says, "the Tiffany Glass and Decorating Company was storing between 200 and 300 tons of glass in the basement of its Corona plant, classified into some 500 colors and varieties. Several thousand articles, no two exactly alike, were produced each year." No less a lover of Beauty than Theodore Dreiser wrote an article about the glass for *Cosmopolitan* in 1899. Tiffany, though he admired William Morris, by now had rejected his notion that the machine was evil, and believed—a true Diaghilev of decor—that mass production could be harnessed to multiply beautifully designed objects. He decorated a new studio (with a ballroom!) for himself, described by Alma Mahler as follows:

> *The chimney soared into infinity. No ceiling was visible, but high above us there were Tiffany glasses set in the walls, transparent and illuminated from outside. We spoke in whispers. . . . The organ fell silent; suddenly a hum of muffled voices indicated a large company. Servants passed soundlessly, carrying trays of beautiful, champagne-filled glasses. We saw palms, divans, lovely women in oddly iridescent gowns. It was a dream: Arabian nights in New York.*

Tiffany's own observation was more laconic:

> *Certainly our climate invites to sumptuous colors.*

Henceforth Tiffany's career was unoffended by disapproval or discredit. He was convinced that his concept of Beauty was absolute and self-perpetuating, requiring merely the attention of trained artisans, and he lived until 85 with that conviction essentially unchallenged, and certainly unchanged, by reality. By 1903 he had begun to theorize in a highly Wagnerian manner, as the very titles of his articles suggest: "American Art Supreme in Colored Glass," "The Gospel of Good Taste," "The Tasteful Use of Light and Color in Artificial Illumination," "Color and its Kinship to Sound." The last contains the phrase, "God has given us our talents to use our brains and our imagination in order to obtain the revelation of True Beauty."

Richard Howard is working on his second book of poems; his first was Quantities (*Wesleyan*). *He writes criticism for* Partisan Review *and* Poetry *magazine.*

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Naturally, Tiffany found the Armory show of 1913 an outrage. "The great thing in art—the thing that has helped me more than anything—is the practice of looking at the beautiful and shutting out the ugly. If the ugly is there, I don't look at it." Which meant that he stayed, a happy recluse, in his eighty-room mansion Laurelton Hall, in Cold Springs Harbor, probably the most important and original house an American has built for himself between Monticello and Taliesin, hiring Ruth Saint-Denis to perform an East Indian nautch dance there, and establishing a foundation to educate the young into the irrecusable principles of Beauty. One of these young apprentices was Bradley Walker Tomlin (Dr. Koch gets the name wrong).

Thusly, as Louis Tiffany would say, this absolutely gorgeous life has everything: the association with Wilde, Morris and Ruskin, the contact with the East, with Mucha and Gallé, the Wagnerian idea of the *Gesamtkunstwerk*, and of course—with Tomlin—the transition to Abstract Expressionism, a contemporary movement becoming as encapsulated as Tiffany's own. (It is not surprising that Theodoros Stamos was an early collector of favrile glass.) Tiffany's art perfectly exemplifies what we now regard as the family tree of art nouveau: the paternal principle, a *horror vacui* sponsored by the arts-and-crafts movement, conjugated with a serpentine, feminine *amor vacui*, to produce that release of the libido we recognize so happily in the color plates of Dr. Koch's book. Like Gaudi and Monet, both of whom died in 1926, six years before him, Louis Tiffany became one of those wonderful old men who seem to survive their time and ours by some oblivious concentration of energy, channeling Eros into a love of self beyond morality. But didn't Keats say it? That which is creative must create itself.

Art Books of 1964

Lincoln Kirstein

Any attempt to cover the entire production of visual materials offered in the present over-publication of so-called art books is doomed. A list, even as generous as the present one, which will be in three sections, must perforce eliminate these categories:

Pictorial histories (of which the Napoleonic era is magnificently covered this year, and the Kennedy era only less well).

Children's books, some of which offer the finest quality of color, printing and design in recent years. An example is *May I Bring A Friend?* by Beni Montresor; Atheneum, $3.50.

Books of scientific or semi- or popular science content, but which are primarily pictorial. Perhaps the best-designed book in many years is *The Lore of Ships*, a Swedish-printed, but internationally created masterpiece with 1,550 superbly detailed drawings, colored and produced with the greatest taste, authority and gusto; $23.95. Of comparable quality is James Fisher and Roger Tory Peterson's great work on *The World of Birds;* Doubleday, $22.95, an atlas of bird migration with expert illustrations of birds, living and extinct.

These admirable special applications of visual techniques are tempting, but we must stick to art, and to these categories: General Art (Painting and Sculpture, monographs and surveys); handicrafts; photography; architecture; albums (at best a fuzzy category: the subjects span from Confederate side arms, well rendered, to a complete visual report on Marilyn Monroe).

Virgil Thomson once said that too much music was being played and recorded; who needs twenty-five volumes of Vivaldi with complete miniature scores? Libraries, colleges, a few amateurs. Similarly, there is entirely too much art-book publishing. The very expensive books that grace and disgrace our bookstores, that look like a de Mille orgy in a library, technicolor covers and all, must be published for somebody. But for whom?

Aside from a certain number of libraries, museums and colleges which have funds for the automatic purchase of any book on any subject, and aside from some university presses, which publish elaborately embellished Ph.D theses (often indifferently edited and produced) in the interest of local prestige, these books are manufactured for the coffee-table trade. It has been suggested that the heavier art-gift and/or conversation book, of which there are many more each year, be equipped with screw-in brass legs and a plastic top, so that in addition to being looked at after the coffee has been cleared, they can support the drinks before dinner is served.

However, there are also, believe it or not, many small, inexpensive books of high quality, the object of which is the responsible enhancement of the visual capacity. Scholars—notably in museums, whose budgets are small because most of the money goes to purchase enduring works of art—let their brains be picked for our instruction and pleasure. The best books in the three lists that will be offered to the readers of *The Nation* this year derive from the almost anonymous staffs of specialist scholars (who are also critics and poets of a sort) at The Morgan Library, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, The Museum of Modern Art, The Hispanic Society, The New York Historical Society, The Museum of the City of New York, The Cooper Union and the New York Public Library. These institutions all have well-run sales desks; many supply cheap and beautiful monographs and glorious Christmas cards. The cost of the volumes and their ultimate worth (paperbound as they may be), far exceed in value the Swiss, German, Italian and new Spanish Cadillac-type unreadable book tonnage that is less expensive than diamonds, but heavier and not as pretty. The recently opened book counter at the New York Public Library has some very beautiful and extremely cheap leatherette binders for treasured pocket books. Immaculately stamped in a Renaissance design, gold on white, red or ivory, they stand comparison with leather.

Books on Photography

The problem of the photograph has baffled the world for a century. It was supposed to have solved the need for realistic rendering and digital mastery in the observation of natural forms. It was supposed to have provided an incorruptible document proving that history is historical. Then it even turned into art, with a big A, and spawned Departments of Photography in every major museum in the nation. Museums whose philosophy is mostly moral, responsible and traditional, classify photography as a division of graphics, like lithographs, serigraphs, etchings and wood-block engravings. Now with the aid of the publishers, photography has achieved a precious liberty, a passionate license to do anything and be nothing. For whom are the photographic monographs published?

Really gorgeous ones with delicate pictures of three leaves of grass imitating Japanese brush drawing (like the

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monograph on Harry Callahan), are printed for the gift trade, the museum libraries and, one suspects, other professional photographers. What can you do with a photograph? Just look at it; if you hang it on a wall, it shrinks; if you make an album, ten to one, it's a bore. There are a few cheap paperbacks of Brady's pictures of the Civil War: *The Civil War As They Knew It*, with an excellent commentary by Abraham Lincoln, is a real service.

Really disgusting ones, unnecessary, vulgar, provocative, daring and beautifully produced are assured of a big sick-joke divinely off-beat Christmas killing. The prize for unworthiness is won this year by *Nothing Personal*, the coffee-table horror supreme. Jacketed in an immaculate white shiny cover with silver stamp, this album is the work of two great American artists, James Baldwin, author of *The Fire Next Time* and *Blues for Mister Charlie*, and Richard Avedon, a skillful photographer of luxury products for the Seventh Avenue trade. An odd combination? Ah no, gentle reader (looker?)—it celebrates Way-Out America. Employing the slick *Vogue-Playboy* technique of double-page coverage, it is a Shocker. It has the continent as well as the incontinent insane; it has George Nelson Rockwell and four dear little juvenile hustlers posed like models from Givenchy; it has Allen Ginsberg as guru, pubic hair exposed, but decently guarding his genitals; it has at the end—a real heterosexual-type wind-up — a young man, patting the very pregnant tummy of a pretty girl. James Baldwin adds these words to show how Beautiful Life Can Be (after the insane asylums and the Nazis): "In that darkness of rape and degradation, that fine, flying froth and mist of blood, through all that terror and in all that helplessness, a living soul moved and refused to die. We really emptied oceans with a home-made spoon and tore down mountains with our hands. And if Love was in Hong Kong, we learned how to swim." That's what the man said.

There are six new or newish books on the City of New York, published, presumably, on the assumption that, since there are a lot of New Yorkers somebody will surely buy them. Though why New Yorkers, who can go out and look at their city, should want them is a mystery. One by Fred W. McDarrah, *New York, N.Y.: A Photographic Tour of Manhattan Island from Battery Park to Spuyten Duyvil* is very satisfactory to give to a visitor.

Harry Callahan. *Photographs.* El Mochuelo Gallery. $25.

Mathew Brady (Commentary by Abraham Lincoln). *The Civil War As They Knew It.* Bantam. 213 pp. $1.45 paper.

Richard Avedon and James Baldwin. *Nothing Personal.* Atheneum. $12.95.

Fred W. McDarrah. *New York, N. Y.: A Photographic Tour of Manhattan Island from Battery Park to Spuyten Duyvil.* Corinth. $4.50 cloth. $2.50 paper.

William Klein. *Tokyo.* Crown. 184 pp. $10.

Robert Capa. *Images of War.* Grossman. 175 pp. $15.

Beaumont Newhall. *The History of Photography.* Museum of Modern Art. Distributed by Doubleday. 215 pp. $12.50.

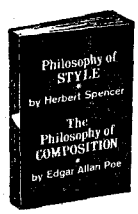
John Szarkowski, editor. *The Photographer and the American Landscape.* Museum of Modern Art. Distributed by Doubleday. 48 pp. $2.25 paper.

Berenice Abbott. *The World of Atget.* Horizon. $20.

A big book on Tokyo pretends to show the largest city in the world in its ceremonial aspects: the ceremony of baseball, and of the modern dance (a phonied-up Genet-type film), the ceremony of the railway platform and the Emperor's departure; the ceremony of a bourgeois wedding as in a Tanizaki novel or a Kurosawa film. The great ceremonies of bu-do, of sumo, of kendo, of karate, eiki, eho, saragama —the ritual samurai arts which still exist in the body and mind of every Japanese schoolboy—are fubbed and made "artistic," like a fashion-magazine blur.

Images of War by Robert Capa offers a difficult human problem; he was a brave man who was in combat, and John Steinbeck writes an appreciation that recalls him as a fine human being. But there is absolutely no way of knowing whether his pictures show Omaha Beach on D-Day, or Darryl Zanuck's whiz-kids reproducing it twenty years later for still-publicity shots for *The Longest Day*. During the Second World War, *Life* magazine used to publish double-page spreads of big blurs labeled: "This Great Picture of Tarawa; Bastogne, Bataan, etc." It showed a real explosion, some flying something—a man who had risked his life to take the snapshot, had taken a snapshot. Now here are Capa's pictures with his commentary, and there is hardly a memorable image. Even John Huston and a poet as great as James Agee, turning Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage* into a movie, couldn't make Audie Murphy look like a Brady. This book is a waste. Cartier-Bresson made memorable images; the confrontation of a stool pigeon for the Gestapo, in a displaced persons camp: Dessau, 1945 (Plate 36, in the not very good Grossman cheap monograph on the greatest historian-photographer of our epoch) could not have been faked by Zanuck, Huston, or Kurosawa. It was the bloody fact.

Beaumont Newhall's *The History of Photography* (original edition, 1937), has been brought up to date, expertly presented and beautifully reproduced. Once the head of the Department of Photography at the Museum of Modern Art, Newhall now heads Eastman House in Rochester, N. Y., where he has achieved a magnificent archives and publishes admirable monographs. The Museum of Modern Art itself of-



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fers a beautiful small souvenir of a very fine exhibition, *The Photographer and the American Landscape*, edited by John Szarkowski. On the back cover is a magnificent color photo by Eliot Porter, a man of birds and redwood forests and cliffs, who has done as much as any man living for the preservation of our last natural wonders. Mr. Szarkowski has found in pictures of the American landscape, all of them practically unknown and almost all extremely beautiful, the indestructible record of a life we have forgotten, the life expressed in Jack London, Theodore Roosevelt's early books, Edwin Muir, Whitman and Mark Twain.

I have saved the best for last. Berenice Abbott, herself a great photographer, has written *The World of Atget*, magnificently produced, designed and presented. Her verbal portrait of Eugène Atget is as frank and passionate as Atget's pictures of Paris—without sentimentality, with vast information and with a lifetime's devotion to this greatest of visual documentors of the Paris of Baudelaire, Balzac and Colette. He was no Proustian; recent silly attempts to pair Atget and Proust are a characteristic example of the clever dishonesty of some junior wise guy in a gift-house packaging department. Miss Abbott, encouraged by the munificence of a genuinely institutional publisher, has been able to print 176 of the finest Atgets, the plates of which she took the trouble to purchase and which, until today, no French or American publisher has had the courage to print. At $20 the book will make a deserved fortune, proving that some great editing, designing and publishing still goes on. A word of praise must also go to the designer, Coburn Britton, who is not named in the book. Only the fact that he spent six months at the press, saw every plate through to its ultimate perfection (in halftone; none of your shoddy offset or phony gravure), made possible, at what is a very low price, a book one will want to keep, not as documents of Baudelaire or Balzac, but as a portrait of the sites where Madame Sabatier held her salons, where Rastignac knew the truth of power and where Colette killed Cheri.

Next week, I shall cover books on drawings, graphics and handicrafts; the following week, architecture and general art history.

RECORDS of the YEAR

Benjamin Boretz

Since there are a number of possible reasons for considering a record noteworthy amid the year's production, the following list includes some descriptive notes for items not previously reviewed in The Nation. *In other cases, dates in parentheses at the end of a listing refer to* Nation *issues in which reviews have appeared. An asterisk designates the reissue of a historic recording.*

BACH: Cantata Nos. 43 ("Gott fähret auf mit Jauchzen"), 182 ("Himmelskönig, sei willkommen"), 80 ("Ein' feste Burg"), and 87 ("Bisher habt Ihr nichts gegeben"). Soloists, Heinrich Schütz Chorale, Pforzheim Chamber Orchestra, Fritz Werner, cond. Epic LC 3876/BC 1276; LC 3857/BC 1257. (6/22).

BEETHOVEN: The Complete Piano Concertos:* Nos. 3, 4, and 5. Artur Schnabel, piano; Philharmonia Orchestra, Issay Dobrowen (in Nos. 3 and 4), Alceo Galliera (in No. 5), conds. Angel COLH 3, 4, 5. (5/18).

Fidelio. Christa Ludwig, Jon Vickers, Gottlob Frick, Walter Berry; Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus, Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel (S) 3625. (2/10).

Fidelio. Birgit Nilsson, James McCracken, Tom Krause, Kurt Boehme, Graziella Sciutti; Vienna Philharmonic, Chorus of the Vienna State Opera, Lorin Maazel, cond. London A 4529/OSA 1259.

Diametrically unlike the marvelously intelligent and intelligible Klemperer recording, Maazel's Fidelio *is sensational in its theatrical, orchestral and vocal excitement; and Maazel's consummate skill in finding sonorities that brilliantly realize his often singular ideas makes them sound absorbing and convincing. The rhythm, balance and pacing indicate that Maazel has a phenomenal operatic flair, and the sounds he is able to get from Nilsson, McCracken and the orchestra would alone have justified the entire production.*

Piano Sonatas: in b-flat, Op. 106 ("Hammerklavier"); in E, Op. 109; in a-flat, Op. 110; in c-minor, Op. 111. Wilhelm Kempff, piano. DGG 18944/138944; 18945/138945.

BRAHMS: Intermezzi, Op. 117; Klavierstücke, Op. 118; Klavierstücke, Op. 119. Wilhelm Kempff, piano. DGG 18903/138903.

Kempff's awareness of connective formal ideas, especially in the linear dimension, gives considerable strength to both his Brahms and Beethoven playing, which emerge much more cleanly on records than "live," although with correspondingly less flexibility. Of the sonatas heard both at his Carnegie Hall recitals and on these records, the Hammerklavier, *a frequently incoherent disaster under the punishing physical conditions of live performance, is firmly, if still somewhat narrowly, controlled on the recording (although Kempff remains an incorrigible A-naturalist in the first movement). But the Op. 109, relatively undemanding in a purely mechanical sense, was given a beautifully articulated performance at Carnegie Hall, of which the recording seems a close duplication. In the Brahms works, Kempff avoids the salon overlay imposed by many pianists on Brahms's hardheaded ideas, while maintaining a subtly nuanced and timbrally lovely piano sound that is transparently reproduced in the recording.*

BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 7. Columbia Symphony, Bruno Walter, cond. Columbia M2L 290/M2S 690. (6/22).

THE COLUMBIA-PRINCETON ELECTRONIC MUSIC CENTER: Babbitt: Composition for Synthesizer (1961); Ussachevsky: *Creation-Prologue* (1962); Arel: Stereo Electronic Music No. 1 (1964); Luening: *Gargoyles* (1962). Columbia ML 5966/MS 6566.

The Babbitt is a major foundation work in the electronic medium which established, at its first appearance, an entirely new sense of the potential for significant compositional development made possible by electronic resources; more important, it is a beautiful realization in electronic terms of the qualities of Babbitt's other recent work. Vladimir Ussachevsky was one of the important pioneers of American electronic composition, and remains one of its most adept and resourceful practitioners, particularly in finding electronic equivalents for large-ensemble music in the traditional sense. Bülent Arel is the brilliant technician of the group, a manipulator of electronic resources in tours de force of sheer sonic

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exuberance. Mario Davidovsky's work is a personal synthesis of the "sound" and "structure" polarities of the electronic medium which has quickly established him as one of the most mature and developed of our younger professional composers. Otto Luening, the benevolent and musically knowing father figure of the American electronic-music development (as he has been of the entire experimental-music tradition since the thirties), has a characteristically witty-wise and occasionally farcical approach that makes capital of the oddness of the relationship between traditional musical qualities and their perceptual effect in electronic surroundings. This is a treasurable and probably historic record.

COPLAND: Piano Sonata (1941); Violin Sonata (1943); Trio-*Vitebsk* (1929). Hilde Somer, piano, Carroll Glenn, violin, Charles McCracken, cello. CRI 171.

The Piano Sonata is perhaps the most fully realized work in the "declamatory" instrumental style of the "abstract" post-Piano Variations style; the Violin Sonata, though not the best Copland, is one of those forties works that have a sense of secure self-discovery and full mastery within an individual musical territory; Vitebsk *is a searching prefiguration of the skeletal manner of the Variations, impressive in its gritty toughness and unrelieved expository aggressiveness. Having all three on a single record, well performed, is a compelling attraction.*

DEBUSSY: Three Preludes; Chopin: Three Etudes and Scherzo in b-minor; (with Beethoven: *Pathétique* Sonata). Vladimir Horowitz, piano. Columbia ML 5941/MS 6541. (5/18).

DVORAK: Quartet in C, Op. 61. Juilliard String Quartet. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2524. (6/22).

FOSS: *Echoi; Time Cycle.* Group for Contemporary Music at Columbia University (in *Echoi);* Improvisation Chamber Ensemble (in *Time Cycle*). Epic LC 3886/BC 1286. (3/16).

IMBRIE: Violin Concerto. Carroll Glenn, violin; Columbia Symphony, Zoltan Rosznyai. Columbia ML 5997/MS 6597. (12/7).

LISZT: Piano Music; Bartok: Etudes; Improvisations. Charles Rosen, piano. Epic LC 3878/BC 1278.

MAHLER: *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen.* (with Brahms: *Alto Rhapsody and Schiksalslied*). Mildred Miller, mezzo-soprano; Columbia Symphony, Bruno Walter, cond. Columbia ML 5888, MS 6488. (6/22).

MAHLER: Symphony No. 2 in c-minor (*Resurrection*). Jennie Tourel, Lee Venora; New York Philharmonic, Collegiate Chorale, Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia M2S 695.

This, at least, is one Mahler symphony whose qualities are precisely what Bernstein conceives them to be, so that his customary flair makes things happen in the right places and most effectively; and his sense for the special sound of the piece is, for once, stunningly projected without hoarse strain or distortion. It might be especially significant to note this recording's superiority to Klemperer's, which succumbs to its own mercilessly analytic exposure of the work's deep-seated weakness.

MENDELSSOHN: Quartets in a-minor and d-major, Op. 13 and 44, No. 1. Juilliard String Quartet. Epic LC 3887/BC 1287.

As with the Dvorak listed above, the Juilliard's intense, alert playing restores to arresting life some of the most brilliant and original works of the 19th century, too long moldered beyond hearability under the thick fuzz of a parlor Romanticism they never possessed.

POULENC: The Art of Francis Poulenc: Three Songs; Sonata for Two Pianos; Sextet for winds and piano. Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; Leonard Bernstein, piano; Gold and Fizdale, duo-pianists; Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet, Francis Poulenc, piano. Columbia ML 5918/MS 6518.

A definitive representation of the decidedly ephemeral qualities of the last of the drawing-room composers, containing all the Poulenc any record collection will ever need.

PUCCINI: *Il Trittico (Il Tabarro, Gianni Schicchi, Suor Angelica).* Renata Tebaldi, Mario Del Monaco, Robert Merrill, Fernando Corena; Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, Lamberto Gardelli, cond. London 4364/1364. (9/14).

SCHUMAN: *A Song of Orpheus* (with Barber: Piano Concerto). Leonard Rose, cello (in the Schuman); John Browning, piano (in the Barber); Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, cond. Columbia ML 6038/MS 6638.

The Schuman is a much more authentic and thought-out idea than such of his more pretentious works as, say, the rather stridently muscle-bound 8th Symphony. Although Orpheus *is still a bit too abstract and schematically neat (a set of "characteristic" variations according to an a priori formal plan that seems superimposed on the inherent tendencies of the materials), it has many sonically gracious passages and some genuinely attractive sounds and textures, especially the focal "Orphic" idea of a "singing" (usually cello) sound against a lutelike "plucking" in various orchestral groups.*

STRAUSS: *Arabella* (1930-32). Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau; Munich Opera, Joseph Keilberth, cond. DGG 18 (138) 883-85.

Die Frau Ohne Schatten (1914-17). Inge Borkh, Ingrid Bjoner, Martha Mödl, Jess Thomas, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau; Munich Opera, Joseph Keilberth. DGG 18 (138) 911-14.

Symphonia Domestica (1904). Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, cond. Columbia ML 6027/MS 6627.

The Strauss Centenary seems a good time to become acquainted with the immense range and extent of Strauss' production. These are all "shadow" works to the towering landmarks of his output: the Frau Ohne Schatten *(no pun intended) is on the far slope of the* Salome-Elektra *period, where the senationalism and dark mysteries have become somewhat routine if no less resourceful;* Arabella *is like a wise old man's remake of* Ariadne

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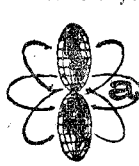

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(1911), with a few special qualities of its own, especially in the continuity; the Symphonia Domestica *has virtually an "and-then-I-wrote" relation to the earlier tone poems, and recapitulates many of their salient characteristics with nice accuracy—this composer always knew not only what he was doing, but precisely what he had done. It must be noted that the two opera performances are unremarkably sung and played, but the Cleveland Orchestra sounds superb in the* Symphonia.

STRAVINSKY: Stravinsky Conducts Favorite Short Pieces: Greeting Prelude; *Dumbarton Oaks* Concerto; Eight Instrumental Miniatures; Four Etudes for Orchestra; Circus Polka; Suites Nos. 1 and 2 for Small Orchestra. CBC and Columbia Symphony Orchestras. Columbia ML 6048/MS 6648.

Stravinsky Conducts Ballet Music: *Jeu de Cartes;* Tschaikowsky (*Bluebird*) Pas de deux (arr. Stravinsky); *Scènes de Ballet.* Cleveland, CBC, and Columbia Symphony Orchestras. Columbia ML 6049/MS 6649.

Stravinsky Conducts His Choral Music: *Zezhdoliki (Le Roi des étoiles)* Anthem (T.S. Eliot); Bach-Stravinsky Chorale Variations on "Von Himmel Hoch"; *Babel* (Cantata); Sermon, Narrative and Prayer. Festival Singers of Toronto, CBC Orchestra. Columbia ML 6047/MS 6647.

I haven't yet heard these recordings, but they contain some important recent music (notably the "Von Himmel Hoch" variations, Sermon, Narrative and Prayer, and the T.S. Eliot Anthem), as well as essential earlier Stravinsky either inadequately or not at all represented in the current catalogue, especially the Dumbarton Oaks, Jeu de Cartes, Scènes de Ballet, Zezhdoliki *and* Babel.

THOMSON: *Four Saints in Three Acts.** Original Cast. RCA Victor LM 2756.

Whatever its intrinsic value, this recording, like the opera itself, is a deeply imbedded event in the history of contemporary American composition, and one hopes that it will henceforth remain available as a necessary document of our recent musical past.

ART

Max Kozloff

THE BRITISH IN BUFFALO

Less publicized than the "brain drain" of England's scientists has been the visitation of its artists to these shores. Part of the growing exodus from Europe, as an indirect result of Paris' forfeited vitality, the English painters are remarkable, not only in numbers, but in their enthusiastic and facile rapport with the New York scene. Of course London, like Los Angeles, is an emergent, steadily vying center of art, and it is perhaps characteristic of the present time that much traveling occurs between these cities, and that their more noticeable idioms and patterns are instantly mutated by contact with New York. Like some huge fleshy flower, the latter is browsed by hordes of artistic bees. What results, certainly, has a sweet *taste*, but perhaps not that singularity or visual freshness that can be appreciated independently in itself.

This may be an insular opinion. For New York art, with a pretty tyranny, tends to render impotent images whose only fault may be that they are less brazen than its own. I found myself trying to resist that tyranny when I visited the "Contemporary British Painting and Sculpture" show at the Albright Knox Art Gallery in Buffalo. (A much larger and more ambitious display of contemporary British material will be circulating next spring in Minneapolis, Washington and Boston.) Evident from this and previous exhibitions, as well as from a rash of one-man shows here, is the stylishness, the talent and the proliferating ideas that make English art contemporary in the sense that our own reactions to Abstract Expressionism have defined the term. But the present exhibitors have formed their directions in opposition, not to the narcissistic gymnastics of action painting, but to an inhibited neo-Cubist abstraction or figuration. A typical statement of the fifties would be a stunted bronze figure by Reg Butler or Kenneth Armitage, or the rounded-off blue rectangles of William Scott; a characteristic expression of 1964 appears in the somber color-field, painting-objects of Peter Stroud, the gimcrack pinball polyptych of Peter Phillips, or the eye-dazzling, but fine-grained optical patterns of Bridget Riley. Yet, no matter how familiar the look and feel of the compositions of these younger people, their work behaves differently from what one initially expects.

For one thing, they are far more vagrant, kinky and eccentric in their structures—even when these are ostensibly repeating—than is a standard New York approach. An irrational element intrudes, not so much in response to bizarre or implausible surroundings, as in America, but forming itself naturally from an indigenous tradition. A concomitant of this — one sees it in Bernard Cohen and R. J. Kitai—appears to be a considerable explicitness of motif, whether it be looping, jewellike coils of color, or sinister human silhouettes. Then too, some of the works betray a quite childish fascination with the uttermost ranges of sophisticated technology.

I remember a well-known architectural critic and friend, himself a member of the younger generation, commenting that as a North country boy, his only contact with the outer world was the monthly appearance of *Mechanics Illustrated.* There can be no more apt illustration of that persistent, highly romanticized infatuation with industrial processes than Eduardo Paolozzi's machine-casted robots. Literal enthusiasm for the look of graphic techniques and media (for example, in the remarkable Royal College of Art publication, *Ark*), hip phraseology, cinematic expertise, these are the dynamics which drive younger British artists, far more than their American colleagues, to invest and keep energy on the surface of their work. But this, in turn, does not lend their art any greater sensuality, despite their self-conscious and hard-won professionalism (a sore point in current British art polemics). Here I am not referring to the Anglo-American taboo on brush marks (overdone in any case), but to the underlying formal conviction of the current work. With the exception of Harold Cohen and Allen Jones, both oriented toward New York abstraction, none of the British artists can be considered devoted or knowing colorists. The absence of any lushness or spontaneity (good taste is another matter) in British abstraction of the fifties—itself an ambivalent reflection of the "New York School" which was first comprehensively presented there in 1956—has not benefited the latest

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wave of artists. For they could not be meaningfully contrary, and hence responsive to something that did not exist.

Ironically, Pop art, so prominent as an American sensibility, originated in British circles—if only as a discussion topic — considerably earlier, around 1953. A kind of philosophical, engineering, intellectual mentality, cross-referring, but thinning out the most disparate topics (among which was popular culture), arose during those years at the Institute of Contemporary Art (ICA). From the "Dimensions" exhibition catalogue of British Abstract Art 1948-1957, one gets an egghead bibliography of their readings which almost suggests that words and ideas were more influential for the artists than images. Shortly afterward, there seems to have occurred a strongly moralistic shift in mood, possibly affected by the criticism of Clement Greenberg and the presence of paintings by such Americans as Ellsworth Kelley and Barnet Newman—that is, a highly reductive, plane-conscious art, and its dialectical apology. In accepting such self-convinced examples of work in magnified scale and two or three colors, the British were recognizing only what confirmed their own taste. (The French, at the time, were acclaiming Mark Tobey.) There is something unmistakably puritannical, but thin, of low voltage—without the American repressiveness — about the resulting color field or "hard edge" paintings that came out of Denny, Stroud or Turnbull.

The history of new British art, at least that which quickens interest at Buffalo, dates back to about 1959. Today's bumper crop of English artists have mostly forsworn the bookish or prophetic poses of their elders, and move briskly, with a grace that is sanguine, uncommunicative, and on-the-make. "Mod," said Jonathan Miller nicely, "is the word one is groping for, since it gets, better than the overused 'pop,' the emotionally indifferent swish of these paintings, so many of them decorative in a camp sort of way. There is now a curious cultural community, breathlessly à la mod, where Lord Snowden and the other desperadoes of grainy blow-ups and bled-off layout jostle with commercial art school Mersey stars, window dressers and Carnaby Street pants-peddlers."

Yet it would be easy to exaggerate the contemporaneity of their mood. From the viewpoint of iconography alone, this art is far less articulate about the modern condition than one supposes. The American Civil War, World War I, *The Rake's Progress* updated, are as likely to be on the agenda as motorcycles or dynamos. Furthermore, the manner of presentation can be picayune or small-minded, quaintly reminiscent of Victorian almanacs. In a Pop art canvas by Richard Hamilton, shown at the Carnegie International, a kind of airless and anemic nostalgia for movies of the forties does not succeed in breathing life into a pictorial montage. One suspects that however particular their motifs, the artists still feel an inseparable distance between themselves and the outer world, a gap which manifests itself by the curiously retrospective, vicarious atmosphere of their work. These artists are not opening, nor do they consider it their job to open, any new realms of perception. It is as if they could not muster enough conceptual pressure to tackle the immediately topical, as do the best of their American confreres. Or rather, that they seem able to deal at first hand only with things sentimentally removed from their actual experience.

For some such reason, one notices a considerably weaker quotient of irony and metaphor in British than in American art. Even if the painters at Buffalo maximize the artificial glamour of their motifs, they are never so much in time with the 20th-century technological beat as to feel deeply its ambivalences, or even a healthy disrespect. Conceivably, this may also explain the lack of any significant British assemblage (although a continuous British discomfort with Surrealism and Dada, upon which assemblage depends, may be instrumental here). In any event, the pattern of the relations of modern British art to the past is not so inevitable or coherent as to make one feel the inner justification of much of the work produced. Delaunay or Chagall or Mondrian may be quoted at random, but they are not systematically displaced or subverted by broad currents that elicit original combinations. Aiming at the light, the tripping tone, only too many of the young British artists achieve the lightweight.

As for the inspiration they draw from American art, this too contains difficulties. Two very able "mod" artists, Derek Boshier and Allen Jones, have recently moved out to approximately optical or color-field positions aligned with developments in New York. In doing so, however, they risk becoming satellites of our art—a displeasing act—at the same time that they tend to give up what previous individuality they had. So far, only the resourceful Dick Smith has made progress in feeling his way along these lines. I don't pretend to know what the solution is, but concerning the spectacle at Buffalo, at least, one is mildly bemused, faintly depressed. In the end, tyranny speaks.

Books by NATION Contributors

Listed below are books published in 1964 by writers who also contributed to The Nation *in that year: also a few books a substantial part of whose contents first appeared in this magazine. This compilation has become a year-end feature of the magazine — a service to readers and authors. Books published in England are listed for the record. However, they are available on special order from most booksellers.*

A. R. AMMONS. *Expressions of Sea Level.* Ohio State University Press. $4.

ERIC BARKER. *Looking For Water.* October House. $4.50. $1.95 paper.

MARVIN BELL, editor. *Iowa Workshop Poets / 1963.* Midwest / Statements. $1 paper.

MERTON C. BERNSTEIN. *The Future of Private Pensions.* The Free Press. $12.50.

WENDELL BERRY. *The Broken Ground.* Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95. *November 26, 1963.* Braziller. $5 and $15.

JOHN BERRYMAN. *77 Dream Songs.* Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $3.95.

ALBERT A. BLUM. *Management and the White Collar Union.* American Management Association. $4.50.

GERMAINE BREE. *Albert Camus.* Columbia University Press. 65c paper. *Camus.* Harcourt, Brace & World. $2.25.

HAYDEN CARRUTH. *North Winter.* Prairie. $4.50.

HARRY M. CAUDILL. *Night Comes to the Cumberlands.* Little, Brown. $2.45 paper.

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FRED J. COOK. *The FBI Nobody Knows.* Macmillan. $5.95.

Barry Goldwater: Extremist of the Right. Grove. 75c paper.

JAMES DESMOND. *Nelson Rockefeller: A Political Biography.* Macmillan. $5.

ISAAC DEUTSCHER, editor. *The Age of Permanent Revolution: A Trotsky Anthology.* Dell. 95c paper.

RICHARD EBERHART. *The Quarry.* Oxford University Press. $4.75.

COLIN EISLER. *Flemish and Dutch Drawings.* Shorewood Press. $4.95.

German Drawings. Shorewood Press. 95c paper.

GEORGE P. ELLIOTT, editor. *Types of Prose Fiction.* Random House. $5.95.

A Piece of Lettuce. Random House. $4.95.

Fourteen Poems. Goosetree. 30c (pamphlet).

AMITAI ETZIONI. *Winning Without War.* Doubleday. $4.95. Anchor. $1.25 paper.

The Moon-Doggle: Domestic and International Implications of the Space Race. Doubleday. $4.50.

Social Change, editor. Basic Books. $6.95.

Modern Organizations. Prentice-Hall. $3.95. $1.50 paper.

RICHARD A. FALK. *The Role of Domestic Courts in the International Legal Order.* Syracuse University Press. $6.50.

THOMAS J. FLEMING. *All Good Men.* Macfadden-Bartell. 75c paper.

The God of Love. Macfadden-Bartell. 75c paper.

One Small Candle: The Pilgrims' First Year in America. Norton. $4.

NORMAN FRIEDMAN. *E. E. Cummings: The Growth of a Writer.* Southern Illinois University Press. $4.50.

BRUCE GRANT. *Indonesia.* Melbourne University Press. $5.50.

NAT HENTOFF. *The New Equality.* Viking. $4.95.

ANSELM HOLLO. *Heads To Appear on the Stands.* Ambit Press. 50c. paper.

Selected Poems of Andrei Voznesensky. Grove. $3.50.

ARTHUR HOPPE. *Dreamboat.* Doubleday. $4.50.

DAVID IGNATOW. *Figures of the Human.* Wesleyan University Press. $4. $1.50 paper.

JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN (with William Mueller). *The Testament of Samuel Beckett.* Hill & Wang. $3.95. $1.65 paper.

LEROI JONES. *The Dead Lecturer.* Grove. $3.50.

Dutchman & The Slave. Morrow. $3.75.

YALE KAMISAR (with others). *Constitutional Law: Cases, Comments & Questions.* West. $15.

Constitutional Rights & Liberties. West. $10.

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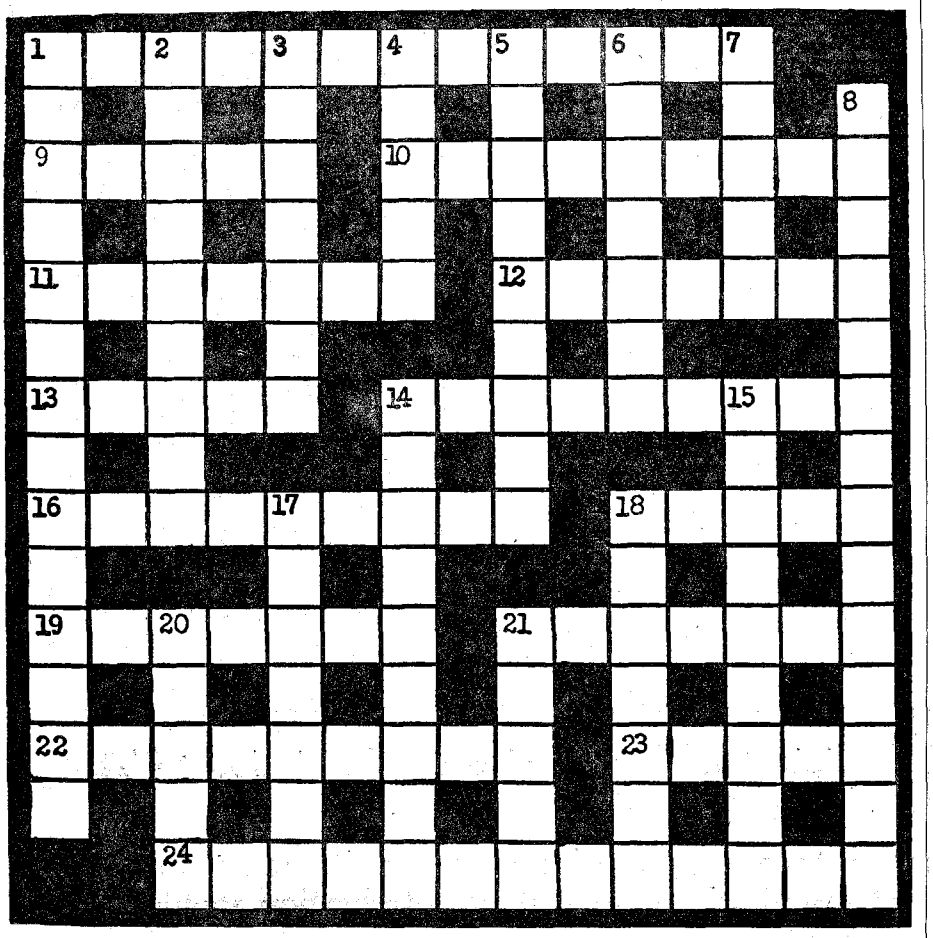
Crossword Puzzle No. 1084

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Charge! (It might show strength on the other side.) (5, 2, 6)
9 See 13 across
10 Where there might be a certain amount of reflection on what we'll have for dinner. (5, 4)
11, 17 down and 24 across Those who discover the guard rings one who doesn't win white-wings, possibly stated in the possessive case. (7, 7, 6, 7)
12 A friend and I got in one, with a rather stony look. (7)
13, 6 down and 9 across Implying the conversations cause a near beating? (5-2-5, 5)
14 Took a picture of one with pull in the old munitions plant? (4, 5)
16 Where one might appear before the bar and talk free from restraint.
18 Drink might have been responsible for the downfall of a very big man.
19 How can you have cones be in such foul shape! (7)
21 Signal. (7)
22 Does a hell of a business with what the tenant might have! (9)
23 Hop to an order? Snap out of it, rather! (5)
24 See 11 across

DOWN:

1 How a sword hilt is made to be romantically beyond comparison. (3, 2, 4, 5)
2 Portray ideal teen make-up? (9)
3 One of the things paid by the caller sometimes? (It's just a detail.) (7)
4 Gray landscape now this? (5)
5 Literally a flower-gathering, but it might make the log hot in any environment. (9)
6 See 13 across
7 A spell of something possibly found in 5, though it suggests a diplomatic agent. (5)
8 Questioning the activity at such times? (14)
14 Cast out this way? (5, 4)
15 Otherwise confused as the sign of faction. (5, 4)
17 See 11 across
18 It is not necessarily pointillism when one does. (7)
20 Where stock is put, or put off. (5)
21 Will a chair, possibly, at college?

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO 1083

ACROSS: 1 Nasturtium; 6 Pass; 10 Tea-ball; 11 Crenate; 12 Roof; 13 and 2 A Man For All Seasons; 15 Cistern; 16 Yucatan; 17 Embolus; 20 Toenail; 22 Square deal; 23 Imps; 25 Infidel; 26 Soprano; 27 Ends; 28 Promenades. DOWN: 1 Nutcracker Suite; 3 Utah; 4 Telamon; 5 Uncanny; 7 Adamant; 8 Spelling lessons; 9 Retouched; 14 Telluride; 18 Bluffed; 19 Saddler; 20 Transom; 21 Armband; 24 Span.

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